

THE
MONTHLY MISCELLANY
OR
VERMONT MAGAZINE.

VOLUME I.—NUMBER I.

FOR APRIL,—Annoque Domini, 1794.

*Our constant aim shall be, with themes refin'd,
To guide the manners and enrich the mind;
To give to genuine sentiment deep root,
And teach the young ideas how to shoot.—*

—ANON.—

*'Tis not in Mortals to command success,
But we'll do more——We'll deserve it.—*

Addison's Cato.

BENNINGTON:
PRINTED BY ANTHONY HASWELL.

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P R E F A C E.

IT is with great diffidence we present the public with the first number of the Monthly Miscellany, or Vermont Magazine, this first of May, agreeable to original proposal. Promising our endeavor to make every exertion to render the succeeding numbers at least as far surpassing the present in literary value, as they exceed in rank by date.

Undertakings of a similar nature having been set on foot in various parts of the United States, the publication of which has been suspended after a peculiarly temporary continuance, has several times since the publication of our design been hinted to us, and sometimes appeared almost an insuperable bar to its execution; particularly when viewed in conjunction with that still more distressing truth, that we are locally situated at a great remove from the original receipt of knowledge, the enlightened cities and seaports of our country.

Meaning, however, by the help of an extensive correspondence, to avail ourselves of an early knowledge of the most interesting events in the different parts of the Union, and the several quarters of the globe, and as general and constant a collection of useful foreign and domestic publications as our finances, under public patronage, will allow, we indulge the hopes of success: and altho' undertakings, somewhat similar, have failed, in places, where by a general diffusion of literary light, its rays are emitted in every direction to the citizen, almost without his care; yet, in a situation divested of those advantages by locality,—a well concerted substitute, we cannot but flatter ourselves, will ensure us a competent reward from a general patronage, afford delight to many, give offence to none, and prove the happy mean of rendering important benefits to the enquiring mind, especially of the youthful rural genius.

Literary favors will be thankfully received and duly honored—And if the utmost exertions of the Editors, in conjunction with the expence (to the utmost) that the public patronage of the design may warrant, can render the Vermont Magazine a volume worthy preservation, it is the most sanguine hope of the Editors, that it will claim an honorary station in the encreasing public and private libraries of the vicinity in which it takes its rise.

With due deference and respect,

We are the public's very humble servants.

HASWELL & MACKAY.

Aaron M. Smithes



T H E
MONTHLY MISCELLANY,
O R
VERMONT MAGAZINE.

FOR APRIL 1794.



FOR THE VERMONT MAGAZINE.

The History of M. CALAS.

THE generality of our readers are not perhaps acquainted with the history of Calas : the decree of the National Convention rendered on the 17th of Nov. last, which directed a column to be erected on the spot where he was executed, with the inscription, "the National Convention—to nature—to paternal love." will be better understood by a short sketch of his case : the circumstance being quite local and foreign to this country, must have the merit of originality with the greatest part of those Americans who read the proceedings of the french Convention.

M. Calas was a rich and eminent merchant, a professor of the protestant religion, and for that very reason the particular object of the most malicious and inveterate hatred of the romish clergy. Among other children he had a son, a vicious profligate, much addicted to liquor : who, to

ingratiate himself with his father's enemies abjured his religion and became a proselyte to the church of Rome. His conversion did not however put an end to his iniquitous course ; he plunged more and more in debauchery at the expence of his reputation and fortune : his agrieved father, despairing ever to retrieve him, withdrew from him his protection, and absolutely refused at last to pay any more of his immense debts, alledging that his daughters, who were reputable characters, were alone entitled to his parental care. The obdurate son having lost all expectations of any further supplies to defray the expence of his revelry, conceived a design worthy of himself, and died as he lived : he one evening entered his father's store and having fixed a stick across two doors by the means of a handkerchief or a garter, hung himself effectually. The clergy seized

seized this opportunity to vent their execrable vengeance against the superannuated father: they charged him with the murder of his son and notwithstanding the palpable improbability of his having perpetrated the crime laid to his charge, obtained from the parliament sentence of death against the venerable old man, who was executed accordingly.

Nothing could exceed the perverseness of this judgment: M. Calas who was a respectable and exemplary man, and had always been so, was no less than eighty years of age and full of infirmity at the juncture, and his son not exceeding thirty; opposition must naturally have been expected from him, and the least resistance would have deranged the stick, on which he hung himself. The daughters incensed at the barbarity of the iniquitous sentence which robbed them of the tenderest of fathers, and implied the confiscation of his whole estate, sought for redress at the foot of the throne. Louis the XVth

the then king of France, having scrupulously and thoroughly investigated the matter; convinced of the justice of their request, reinstated the daughters in their fathers right; restored his injured memory, granted them a pension for life, and broke the parliament that had condemned their father to death.

When the daughters petitioned Louis the XVth. the parliament dispatched some of their own body to excuse their proceedings in the eyes of his majesty, and besides other pleas when they could no longer wave the justice of the imputation, addressed the monarch thus, "sire, the best horse will stumble at times, your parliament might also accidentally blunder and inadvertently be led into an error." The minister Choiseul who was then present, with his natural vivacity replied, "one horse indeed might be excused for stumbling, but the lenity ought not to extend to the whole stud."

M.

An ESSAY on FABLE.—By a modern writer.

Translated from the French, for the Vermont Magazine, &c.

Designed as an introduction to the INDIAN COTTAGE.

IT is observed with more wit than reason, says our author, that fable owes its origin to the despotic countries of the east, and that truth was veiled there that it might without offending draw nearer tyrants. But give me leave to ask whether a sultan would not feel more offended to see himself pictured under the emblematical figure of an owl, or a leopard, than in his own natural colours; and if an oblique truth would not wound him at least as much as a direct one.—

Thomas Rhoe ambassador at the court of Selim Cha, emperor of Mogul, reports, that that despot being present at the opening of some trunks arrived from England, and which contained presents destined to him, was much astonished to find a picture in some of them, representing a black satyr, which Venus led by the nose: he imagined says the ambassador, that the picture had been drawn to cast a reflection on the Asiatic people; that they were

were personated by the black fators, as being of one complexion, and that the Venus who led him by the nose, signified the empire which the women have over the oriental men.

Thomas Rhoe to whom the picture had been sent had much ado to dissuade the jealous mogul by giving him an idea of our fables, and took the earliest opportunity to send the most express orders to the director of the East-India company in England, never to send to the eastern shores any allegorical pictures; for princes here, added he, are of a very jealous disposition, which is in fact a sure trait in the character of a despot. I believe therefore that fables never were invented for them, unless it was to flatter them.

In general the taste for fables and allegories is spread all over the world; but more so in free than in despotic countries; savage people have no other foundation for this tradition than fables: there is no country on the face of the earth where they have been more common than in Greece, where all the objects of nature, of politics, of religion, were the result of some metamorphose. Few were the illustrious families among the Greeks who did not number among their ancestors some animal, and who had not for cousins, *bulls, swans, nightingails, turtle-doves, crows, and magpies*. The English in their literature have a decided taste for allegories, although they dare freely speak the truth. The Asiatics were in the same predicament at the time of Esop and Lockman; but no fabulist can this day be found among them, although their country swarms with sultans.

The people who have lived in the most natural state, and who were of course the most free, have always been fond of adorning truth with fable. It is one of the effects of the love of truth, which is the sentiment of the laws of nature: truth is the light of the soul, as physical light is the truth of bodies; one joined to the other gives the science of what is; one throws light on the objects, the other shews us their affinity: and as all physical light draws its Origin from the sun, all truth draws its essence from God, of whom the sun is the most sensible and most lively image. Few men can bear the full and pure light of the sun: it is owing to the weakness of our eyes that kind nature has provided us with eyelids, to veil them to a fit degree; that it has covered the earth with forests whose green leaves offer us soft seats and pleasant shades, and that it has spread through the skies vapours and clouds, to weaken the too lively rays of the blazing sun. Few men also can seize upon truths purely metaphysical: it is owing to the weakness of our understanding, that nature has provided for us ignorance as the eyelid of the soul: it is through that medium that it becomes by decrees acquainted with, that it admits only as much of it as it can bear at one time, and that it retires as it were, under a bower of fables, through whose benignant shades it contemplates truth; and if it soars to divinity itself, God must be first clothed in allegory, or veiled in mystery, to shield the mental eye from the powerful dazzling of his radiance.

We should not perceive the
sun

sun did it not first settle on bodies or at least on clouds : it is out of our reach, beyond our atmosphere, and blinds us at its source. The simile holds good with regard to truth ; we should not lay hold of it did it not adhere to the common occurrences of life, or at least the metaphors and comparisons by which it is reflected. Our intelligence has no hold upon truths merely metaphysical, it is dazzled by those emanent from God, and cannot seize upon those which do not rest on his works. It is for no other reason that the language of civilized nations does not picture much, because it is full of similes and lively images. The first have the habit of concealing their sentiments, the second that of extending theirs. But as the clouds often dispersed in a thousand fantastic shapes, revolve the beams of the sun into richer, and more diversified tints, than those which colour the regular works of nature, so do fables reflect truth more extensively than real events ; they transfer it to the different reigns, they appropriate it to animals, trees, elements, and reflect it in a thousand various forms. In the same manner the beams of the sun sport in the deep without being extinguished, reflect the objects of the heavens and the earth, and enhance their beauties by peculiar harmony.

Ignorance is therefore as necessary to truth, as shadow is to light, since on the first depends as much the harmony of our intelligence, as on the second depends that of our sight.

Most moralists have mistaken ignorance for error ; ignorance considered in itself, and without truth, with which it has such

sweet affinity, is the rest of our intelligence ; it causes us to forget past misfortunes, disguises present and conceals future evils ; in short it is a blessing since we hold it from nature. Error on the contrary is the work of man, it is always an evil ; it is a false light shining to beguile us : I cannot compare it better than to a conflagration, which gives light to the very habitation it devours. It is remarkable that there is not a moral or physical evil, but what owes its origin to some erroneous principle : tyranny, slavery, war are all founded on political, and even sacred errors ; the tyrants who devised them to establish their power, have always derived them from divinity or some virtue, to render them respectable to mankind.

It is not however difficult to discriminate between truth and error : truth is a natural light shining of itself over the whole globe because it descends from God alone ; and error but an artificial light which needs constant fuel because it is the work of man. Truth is useful to the whole human race ; error profitable to few, and prejudicial to all ; because private interest is inimical to general interest when parted from it.

We ought to be very careful not to take fable for error : fable is the veil of truth, and error its phantom only ; which fables are often used to dispel. However innocent fable may be in its principles, it becomes dangerous where it assumes the principal character of error ; namely when it turns to the exclusive emolument of individuals. For instance it made very little odds in
old

old times that the huntsman made of the moon a virgin goddess, under the name of Diana, who presided over sport. That allegory signified only that the light of the moon was favorable to sportsmen to set traps for their game, and that the exercise of sporting was destructive to the passion of love. It was no less innocent to consecrate to the same deity the pine of the forest; that tree by that mean became a rendezvous for hunters. There was not much more mischief, in the sportsman's hanging the head of a wolf on the tree to obtain Diana's protection in his future chase: but when he offered a whole skin some people began to speculate, and thought of converting the devotion to their private emolument; they built a chapel to the goddess, where not only the skin of a wolf, but sheep also were offered to preserve the rest of the flock from the carnivorous animal. Pretty soon the offerings were multiplied on account of the head of some monstrous wild boar that had ruined the vines and had been chased by all the young men and the dogs of the vicinity. The offerings of the hunters attracted the attention of pilgrims, and merchants followed their example, in a little while a borough was formed. The chapel among so many credulous men had in time its oracles; as they prophesied victories, kings bestowed rich presents on its altars; then the chapel became a temple, and the borough a city replete with high priests, magistrates, and possessing territories. The next step was to levy taxes on the people to build to the goddess temples no less magnificent than that of Ephesus: and since fear

has a much greater empire than hope in the human mind, in order to fill Diana's votaries with awe, her sacrificers stained her sanctuary with the blood of human victims. Thus a simple allegory invented at first for the happiness of a people, proved their greatest curse, because it answered the interested views of a city, or turned to the profit of a temple.

Truth itself is fatal to the human specie when it becomes the patrimony of a tribe. The distance is certainly very great between the tolerance of the gospel and the intolerance of the inquisition: between the precept given by Jesus to his apostles to shake from their feet the dust of the houses where they were denied admittance, and the destruction of the harmless indians of South America; between the indignation of Christ when his disciples requested him to order fire to consume the dwellings of those who did not receive them, and the wood piles of an auto-da-fé.

There is in the gallery of the Thuilleries on the right side as you enter the garden, an ionique column which the famous Blondel, professor of architecture, made a practice to exhibit as a model to his pupils. He used to make them remark that every other that followed it, diminished gradually in point of beauty, the first he always observed was the performance of a famous sculptor, the others were successively executed by artists who deviated more and more from its original graces and elegant proportions, as they removed from it. He that carved the second imitated the first tolerably well; but the sculptor

of the third copied only the second and from one copy to the other the last was very inferior to the original. I often compare the gospel to that masterly column in the thuilleries, and the works of the ancient commentators to the rest of the work of the galleries. But were we to admit in rotation the numberless commentators down to the present day, what a disfigured column their volumes would offer to one, and who in the severe tempest of life would dare to recline against it.

Since therefore truth is a beam of the celestial sun, it will shine

for all men provided no taxes are laid on their windows; but how many societies of all kinds founded for its propogation, substitute their own miserable glimmering lanthorns for that genuine blaze, merely from interested and personal views. They will not stop there, they will even persecute, when they have power, those who discriminate between the real and the false light; therefore those who have a relish for it fly from men and cities to enjoy it in the calm recess of solitude and contemplate it without adulteration.

The INDIAN COTTAGE, a Tale founded on Fact.

Translated from the French for the Vermont Magazine.

ABOUT thirty years ago a society of English literati formed in London, undertook to travel through divers parts of the world in search of new discoveries in all the sciences; to enlighten the human species, and by that mean promote their happiness. Their expences were borne by a company of subscribers of the same nation, composed of merchants, lords, bishops, universities, and the royal family of England, who were joined by several sovereigns of the north. The society was composed of twenty members, and the royal society of London had given each of them a volume containing the state of the questions of which they were to give the solutions. These questions amounted to three thousand five hundred. Though the questions were different for each Doctor, and suited to the climates each proposed to visit, they were however so linked together, that the light thrown on one necessarily spread on the rest. The president of

the royal society, who had arranged them, with the help of his brethren, declared that he had felt that on the elucidation of one difficulty often depends the solution of another, and this of a preceeding, which in the research of truth, leads the enquirer further than he could at first reasonably have expected. In short to use the very expressions employed by the president in their instructions, it was the most magnificent *encyclopedical* edifice, ever reared by any nation to the progress of human knowledge, which proves clearly added he the necessity of academical bodies, to put some connection between all the truths dispersed over the face of the globe.

Each of the travelling Doctors besides his volume of questions to resolve, was ordered to purchase on his route the most ancient copies of the Bible, and the rarest manuscripts of every kind, or at least to spare nothing to obtain the best copies thereof.

The

The subscribers to facilitate the accomplishment of this great design had procured for each of them strong letters of recommendation to all the British ministers, ambassadors and consuls abroad, whom they were to visit on their journey, and what was *still better* with the best bills of exchange endorsed by the surest bankers in London.

The most learned of the doctors who was radically acquainted with Hebraism and the Arabian and Bramin languages, was sent by land to the east indies, the cradle of the arts and sciences: he first went through Holland and visited successively the synagogues of Amsterdam and the synod of Dordretch; in France the Sorbonne, and the academy of sciences at Paris: in Italy numberless academies, museums, bibliothecas, and among others the museum of Florence, and the library of St. Mark at Venice: and at Rome that of the Vatican. Whilst at Rome he hesitated and consulted with himself whether he had not better go to Spain and consult the famous university of Salamanca before he proceeded to the east, but the fear of the inquisition deterred him, and he immediately sat off *for Turkey*.—He went of course to Constantinople, where for his money, an *effendi* gave him liberty to peruse all the books of the Mosque of St. Sophia: from thence he went to Egypt, among the *Coptics* and *Maronites* of mount Libanus, and the monks of mount Casini; from thence to Sana in Arabia; afterwards to Ispahan, Delhi and Agra. In short after three years continual peregrination he reached the shores of the Ganges, and arrived at Benares the Ath-

ens of the East Indies, where he had long conferences with the Bramins. His collection of old editions of valuable books, of rare manuscripts, copies, extracts and annotations of all kinds, became thenceforth the most extensive ever collected by any one individual: suffice it to say, that it contained ninety bales, weighing together nine thousand five hundred and forty pounds French weight: he was on the brink of setting off for London again with such a rich cargo of light, elated to have succeeded beyond the expectations of the royal society, when a very simple reflection overwhelmed him and damped his joy.

He thought that after having conferred with jewish rabbins, protestant ministers, superintendants of lutheran churches, catholic doctors, the academicians of Paris, of la Crusca, Arcades, and twenty four more of the most celebrated academies in Italy, the Greek Papas, the Turkish Molhas, the Armenian Verbiefts the Sedres, and Casis of Persia, the Arabian Scheics, the ancient Parsis, and the Indian Pandiets, that so far from having resolved any of the three thousand five hundred questions of the royal society, he had only been instrumental in multiplying their doubts. And as the questions were all linked together, the consequence was, contrary to the presidents opinion, that the obscurity of one solution darkened the evidence of another; consequently plain truth had become problematical, and that it was even impossible to find the shadow of it in that vast Labyrinth of contradictory authorities he had collected; of this re-

lection had convinced the doctor.

Among his questions the royal society, expected the solution of two hundred relative to the theology of the Hebrews; four hundred and eighty on the different communions of the latin and greek churches; three hundred and twelve on the ancient religion of the Bramins; five hundred and eight on the Hanferit or sacred tongue; three on the actual situation of the people of India; two hundred and eleven on the English East India trade; seven hundred and twenty nine on the ancient monuments of the islands of Salsct and Bassen near Bombay; five on the antiquity of the world; six hundred and seventy three on the origin of grey Amber, and on the properties of the different species of the Bezoard stone; one on the cause not yet investigated of the course of the Indian ocean which flows six months towards the East, and six months towards the West; and three hundred and twenty eight on the source, and periodical inundation of the Ganges: at the same time the doctor had been requested to gather on his route all the information he could procure relative to the sources and periodical inundations of the Nile, which had puzzled the learned of Europe for so many ages, but he judged the matter had been sufficiently investigated and looked upon it as foreign to his mission.

Now for each question proposed by the royal society he was provided on an average with five different answers, which amounted for his three thousand five hundred questions, to seventeen thousand five hundred answers; and supposing that his nineteen brethren returned as many, the

royal society must remove three hundred and fifty thousand difficulties before they could establish truth upon a solid Basis. Therefore all their collection, far from attracting each proposition to a common center, only lent them an elastic force, which made them recoil so powerfully that nothing could connect them again. Another reflection afflicted the Doctor more yet (*viz.*) that notwithstanding he had employed in his laborious researches, all the *sangfroid* natural to his countrymen, and a politeness peculiar to himself, he had made implacable enemies of all the doctors with whom he had argued. What then would he exclaim will become of the peace of my countrymen, when I shall furnish by my ninety bales, instead of the elucidation of truth, new ferment of discord and new subjects of doubt.

He was on the brink of embarking for England, full of disquietude and perplexity, when the Bramins of Benares informed him that the superior Bramin of the famous pagod of Jagrenat or Jagernat, situated on the coast of Orixa, on the sea side, near one of the mouths of the Ganges, was alone able to resolve all the questions proposed by the London Royal Society. That he was in fact the most famous pandect or doctor ever heard of, and that people came to consult him from every part of India, and from several kingdoms in Asia.

(To be continued.)

SPECIMEN

SPECIMEN OF FRENCH PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

[*From the Abbaye Maury's Principles of Eloquence. Translated by John Neal Lake. Printed in 1793.*]

IF there be extant among us any traces of this ancient and energetic Eloquence, which is nothing else than the original voice of nature, it is among the missionaries, and in the country, where we must seek for examples.—There, some apostolic men, endowed with a vigorous and bold imagination, knew no other success than conversions, no other applauses than tears. Often devoid of taste, they descend, I confess, to burlesque details; but they forcibly strike the senses: their threatenings impress terror; the people listen to them with profit; many among them have sublime strokes; and an orator doth not hear them without advantage, when he is skilful in observing the important effects of his art.

M. Bridaine, the man, who, in the present age, is the most justly celebrated in this way, was born with a popular eloquence, abounding with metaphorical and striking expressions; and no one ever possessed, in a higher degree, the rare talent of arresting the attention of an assembled multitude.

He had so fine a voice, as to render credible all the wonders which history relates of the declamation of the ancients, for he was as easily heard by ten thousand people in the open fields, as if he had spoken under the most resounding arch. In all he said, there were observable unexpected strokes of oratory, the boldest metaphors, thoughts sudden, new, and striking, all the marks of a rich imagination, some passages, sometimes even whole discourses, composed with care, and

written with an equal combination of taste and animation.

I remember to have heard him deliver the introduction of the first discourse, which he preached in the Church of St. Sulpice, in Paris, 1741. The first company in the capital went, out of curiosity, to hear him.

Bridaine perceived among the congregation many Bishops, and persons of the first rank, as well as a vast number of Ecclesiastics. This sight, far from intimidating, suggested to him the following exordium, so far at least as my memory retains of a passage, with which I have been always sensibly affected, and which, perhaps will not appear unworthy of Bossuet, or Demosthenes.

“ At the sight of an auditory so new to me, methinks, my brethren, I ought only to open my mouth to solicit your favor in behalf of a poor missionary, destitute of all those talents which you require of those who speak to you about your salvation. Nevertheless, I experience, to-day, a feeling very different. And, if I am cast down, suspect me not of being depressed by the wretched uneasiness occasioned by vanity, as if I were accustomed to preach myself: God forbid that a minister of heaven should ever suppose he needed an excuse with you! for, whoever ye may be, ye are all of you sinners like myself. It is before your God and mine, that I feel myself impelled at this moment to strike my breast.

“ Until now, I have proclaimed the righteousness of the Most High in churches covered with
thatch.

thatch. I have preached the rigors of penance to the unfortunate who wanted bread. I have declared to the good inhabitants of the country the most awful truths of my religion. Unhappy man! what have I done? I have made sad the poor, the best friends of my God! I have conveyed terror and grief into those simple and honest souls, whom I ought to have pitied and consoled! It is here only where I behold the great, the rich, the oppressors of suffering humanity, or sinners daring and hardened. Ah! it is here only where the sacred word should be made to resound with all the force of its thunder; and where I should place with me in this pulpit, on the one side, Death which threatens you, and on the other, my great God, who is about to judge you. I hold to-day your sentence in my hand. Tremble then in my presence, ye proud and disdainful men who hear me! The necessity of salvation, the certainty of death, the uncertainty of that hour, so terrifying to you; final impenitence, the last judgment, the small number of the elect, hell, and above all, Eternity! Eternity! These are the subjects upon which I am come to discourse, and which I ought, doubtless, to have reserved for you alone. Ah! what need have I of your commendation, which, perhaps might damn me, without saving you? God is about to rouse you, while his unworthy minister speaks to you;—for I have had a long experience of his mercies. Penetrated with a detestation of your past iniquities, and shedding tears of sorrow and repentance, you will then throw yourselves into my arms; and, by this re-

monstrance, you will prove that I am sufficiently eloquent."

Who doth not, by this time, perceive, how much this eloquence excels the frigid and miserable pretensions of modern wit? In apologizing so to speak, for having preached upon hell in the villages, Bridaine boldly assumed all the authority over his auditory, which belonged to his office, and prepared their hearts for the awful truths, which he intended to announce. This exordium alone gave him a right to say every thing. Many persons still remember his sermon on Eternity, and the terror which it diffused throughout the congregation, whilst blending, as was usual with him, quaint comparisons with sublime transports, he exclaimed, 'What foundation, my brethren, have you for supposing your dying day at such a distance? is it your youth?' 'Yes,' you answer; 'I am, as yet, but 20, but 30.'—'Sirs, it is not you who are 20 or 30 years old, it is death which has already advanced 20 or 30 years towards you. Observe: Eternity approaches. Do you know what this Eternity is? It is a pendulum whose vibration says continually, Always—Ever—Ever—Always!—Always! In the mean while a reprobate calls out, 'what o'clock is it?' 'And the same voice answers,' 'Eternity.'

The thundering voice of Bridaine added, on those occasions, a new energy to his Eloquence; and the auditory, familiarized to his language and ideas, appeared at such times in dismay before him. The profound silence which reigned in the congregation, especially when he preached until the approach of night, was interrupted from

from time to time, and in a manner very perceptible, by the long and mournful sighs, which proceeded, all at once, from every corner of the church where he was speaking.

Orators! ye who are wholly engrossed about your own reputa-

tion, fall at the feet of this apostolic man, and learn from a missionary, wherein true eloquence consists. The people! the people! they are the principal, and, perhaps, the best judges of your talents.

Interesting French Anecdote.

IN the reign of the late French King Louis XV, when France was groaning under the weight of taxes, and the people struggling against the complicated horrors of tyranny and odious exactions, Marechal de Belle-Isle, the minister, was informed that a person solicited the favor of an audience with all possible eagerness—the request was acceded to—a man wrapped up in a cloak appeared before the minister, whom he thus addressed,—‘My Lord,—deign to listen to me—I am a protestant and a preacher, nor am I ignorant of the dangers to which the latter quality exposes me; but I own it, because I know that your closet must be an asylum for those who are admitted into it.’—‘Your confidence pleases me (answered the Marechal) and it shall not be deceived; speak to me candidly, and tell me what you want.’—‘Deputed by my brethren, the refugees who, notwithstanding the rigorous edicts of Louis XIV. still regret their banishment from France, I come in their name to offer you the pecuniary assistance of which the country stands so much in need.’—He then opened a pocket book, and shewed the minister notes to the amount of 40 millions of livres on the best banking houses in Europe, and continued his address: ‘This is only an earnest of the sacrifices we are ready to make to France,

if she consents to readmit us into her bosom, and annihilate the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which hypocrisy and avarice extorted from the king. Seventy years exile has not been able to eradicate from our hearts an affection for a country which our fathers ordered us ever to indulge.—There are still alive some venerable witnesses of those days of horror and desolation, when wives were torn from their husbands’ arms, when tender infants were snatched from the breasts of their mothers, when methods equally injurious to nature and reason were employed to force them to abandon the religious tenets of their ancestors—those evils, the work of barbarous prejudices have not effaced from our hearts the desire of returning to France. We were obliged to export our talents and our industry with us.—We now petition to bring them back, improved by the assiduous exertions of seventy years. All we want is liberty of conscience, and a civil existence.—Deign, my Lord, to lay our proposal at the foot of the throne, and become our protector.”

The minister, astonished and flattered, answered the deputy with much kindness, and left him alone in the closet, while he went to acquaint the king of what had taken place. An extraordinary cabinet

cabinet council was summoned immediately ; the subject was debated with much warmth.—Pride and hatred were opposed by reason and humanity, but pride and hatred triumphed !—The minister was scouted for having even attended to a demand, which according to the apostles of intolerance, was a crime against religion—they said it would be the signal for a civil war, and all its attendant horrors, and that it would be selling France to heresy ! Louis XV. sighed, and then for the first time in any material affair did he exhibit a proof of weakness, which served as a pledge for the other evils he afterwards hurled on his wretched

subjects. The Marechal, being returned, answered the parson—‘ The king does not consent to the proposal of his refractory subjects, he never will grant a residence in France to those who stubbornly profess and propagate error—go away and be grateful for the king’s clemency, which allows you 48 hours to quit the kingdom.’ The honest man retired without a murmur, for the bastille existed, and so did *lettres de cachet*, and the enemies of France gained by her impolicy, while she suffered in the extreme. This fact, which is little known, took place about forty years ago. What a progress has reason made since that period !

Remarks concerning the SAVAGES of NORTH AMERICA.

[By Benjamin Franklin.]

THE Indian men, when young, are hunters and warriors ; when old, counsellors ; for all their government is by the counsel or advice of the sages ; there is no force, there are no prisons, no officers to compel obedience, or inflict punishment. Hence they generally study oratory ; the best speaker having the most influence. The indian women till the ground, dress the food, nurse and bring up the children, and preserve and hand down to posterity the memory of public transactions. These employments of men and women are accounted natural and honorable. Having few artificial wants, they have abundance of leisure for improvement by conversation. Our laborious manner of life compared with theirs, they esteem slavish and base ; and the learning on which we value ourselves, they regard as frivolous and useless.

Having frequent occasions to hold public councils, they have acquired great order and decency in conducting them. The old men sit in the foremost ranks, the warriors in the next, and the women and children in the hindmost. The business of the women is to take exact notice of what passes, imprint it in their memories, for they have no writing, and communicate it to their children. They are the records of the council, and they preserve tradition of the stipulations in treaties a hundred years back ; which when we compare with our writings, we always find exact. He that would speak, rises. The rest observe a profound silence. When he has finished, and sits down, they leave him five or six minutes to recollect that if he has omitted any thing he intended to say, or has any thing to add, he may rise again, and deliver

Remarks concerning the Savages of North America.

deliver it. To interrupt another, even in common conversation, is reckoned highly indecent.

The politeness of these savages in conversation is, indeed, carried to excess; since it does not permit them to contradict or deny the truth of what is asserted in their presence. By this means they indeed avoid disputes; but then it becomes difficult to know their minds, or what impression you make upon them. The missionaries who have attempted to convert them to christianity, all complain of this as one of the great difficulties of their mission. The Indians hear with patience the truths of the gospel explained to them, and give their usual token of assent and approbation: You would think they were convinced. No such matter. It is mere civility.

A Swedish minister having assembled the chiefs of the Susquehannah indians, made a sermon to them, acquainting them with the principal historical facts on which our religion is founded; such as the fall of our first parents by eating an apple; the coming of Christ to repair the mischief; his miracles and suffering, &c. When he had finished, an Indian Orator stood up to thank him. "What you have told us," said he "is all very good. It is indeed bad to eat apples. It is better to make them all into cider. We are much obliged by your kindness in coming so far, to tell us those things which you have heard from your mothers. In return, I will tell you some of those we have heard from ours.

"In the beginning, our fathers had only the flesh of animals to subsist on; and if their hunting was unsuccessful they were starv-

ing. Two of our young hunters having killed a deer, made a fire in the woods to broil some part of it. When they were about to satisfy their hunger, they beheld a beautiful young woman descend from the clouds, and seat herself on that hill which you see yonder among the Blue Mountains. They said to each other, it is a spirit that perhaps has smelt our broiling venison, and wishes to eat of it: Let us offer some to her. They presented her with the tongue: She was pleased with the taste of it, and said, your kindness shall be rewarded. Come to this place after thirteen moons, and you shall find something that will be of great benefit in nourishing you and your children to the latest generations. They did so, and, to their surprise, found plants they had never seen before; but which, from that ancient time, have been constantly cultivated among us, to our great advantage. Where her right hand had touched the ground, they found maize; where her left hand had touched it, they found kidney beans; and where her backside had sat on it, they found tobacco." The good Missionary, disgusted with this idle tale, said, "what I delivered to you were sacred truths; but what you tell me is mere fable, fiction, and falsehood." The Indian, offended, replied, "My brother, it seems your friends have not done you justice in your education; they have not well instructed you in the rules of common civility. You saw that we, who understand and practise those rules, believed all your stories, why do you refuse to believe ours?"

When

When any of them come into our towns, our people are apt to crowd round them, gaze upon them, and incommode them when they desire to be private: this they esteem great rudeness, and the effect of the want of instruction in the rules of civility and good manners. "We have," say they, "as much curiosity as you, and when you come into our towns, we wish for opportunities of looking at you; but for this purpose we hide ourselves behind bushes where you are to pass and never intrude ourselves into your company."

Their manner of entering one another's villages has likewise its rules. It is reckoned uncivil in travelling strangers to enter a village abruptly, without giving notice of their approach. Therefore, as soon as they arrive within hearing, they stop and holla,

remaining there till invited to enter. Two old men usually come out to them and lead them in. There is in every village a vacant dwelling, called the Stranger's house. Here they are placed, while the old men go round from hut to hut, acquainting the inhabitants that strangers are arrived, who are probably hungry and weary; and every one sends them what he can spare of victuals, and skims to repose on. When the strangers are refreshed, pipes and tobacco are brought: and then, but not before, conversation begins, with enquiries who they are, whither bound, what news, &c. and it usually ends with offers of service, if the strangers have occasion for guides, or any necessities for continuing their journey; and nothing is exacted for the entertainment.

FOR THE VERMONT MAGAZINE.

*The history of Captain WILLIAM HARRISON,
Or The Partial Father providentially admonished*

THE ways of providence, when attentively viewed, are ever pleasing to a well regulated mind, because ever consistent with the sublimest wisdom, and copiously fraught with instruction.—To an unreconciled heart therefore, and an unaccountable bias of the human mind, to form ideas of its own capacity above its real dimensions, are to be ascribed the anxieties and inquietudes of man.—And altho' theoretically convinced of this important truth, yet, practically, almost every man hourly contradicts it.

Whatever is, is right,—is a sentiment that has occasioned as much controversy, and borne its own weight as well as any exist-

ing controverted truth whatever. And altho' clouds and labyrinth shade and apparently bewilder the ways of fate, yet the veil is not impervious, nor the difficulty insurmountable, but, on the contrary, the deep designs of Heaven are often revealed to man, force conviction on the mind, and give a glimpse of unerring wisdom copiously displayed.—To illustrate we adduce the following recent, domestic history.

In the town of _____, in Pennsylvania, lived an industrious and wealthy farmer, whose only happiness seemed to be in the felicity of his little family, consisting of a wife and one son with

with a few necessary domestics. —His circumstances being easy no pains were spared to render his beloved child the subject of admiration of the neighborhood, for his early attainments in every study suited to his age; but in this design, from a perverseness of disposition in the child, which began early to discover itself, the anxious wishes of his overfond father were disappointed:—this circumstance however did not alienate the old gentleman's affections, and a certain sprightliness observable in the child, admired by his father, and consequently (I had almost said necessarily) loudly extolled by the neighbors, rivetted his partiality to his darling, even after his wife presented him with a second son, six years younger than his brother.

William our young hero, felt severely, as soon as he became capable of observing, the unhappy partiality of his father for his elder brother Henry.—In every instance a most pointed distinction was apparent, and the pleasant condescending disposition of the young sufferer, instead of alleviating added to the tasks assigned him: until at length, (duty and fraternal love having urged him to the performance of every menial service imposed upon him) as his age and strength enabled him to bear, the meanest drudgery was his daily occupation, and the severest chastisement the consequence of the smallest omission.

In this situation things remained 'til the war commenced between G. Britain and America, when our hero having attained his sixteenth year, left the house of a father from whom he had received the most cruel treatment, and the arms of a mother whose maternal

tenderness alone had rendered his situation in any degree tolerable, and enlisted in the continental army. Soon after his enlistment he was sent to Cambridge with a party of recruits, and conscious of having nothing to depend upon but his character, and no hopes but those founded on the proficiency he might make in the science of arms; he determined on using every exertion to become an adept, and carefully preserve the principles of virtue in the field of honor. Sometimes the thoughts of the unhappy partiality of his father, would overwhelm him with sorrow, but then the affection of his dear mother, and the hope that providence at some future period would turn his father's heart towards him, came like a sovereign balm to his afflicted spirit, and ended all his cares in resignation.

The battle of Bunker's hill was the first opportunity for our young soldier to signalize himself; by the propriety of his conduct he had rendered himself agreeable to his comrades, and gained the attention of his captain, who interesting himself in his favor advanced him to the rank of sergeant, previous to the bloody action before mentioned, and had the satisfaction to see that his favors were not ill bestowed; for even among a little host where discrimination seemed almost injustice to general valor, William exhibited such determined bravery as to engage peculiar notice, and in the last furious onset of the British, when the lines were forced at the point of the bayonet, he was among the last that quitted the ground, and altho' he had received several flesh wounds in the action, and lost much blood,

he conducted the little remains of a platoon of the company safely to Cambridge, and was the next evening honored with the particular respectful thanks of his captain, delivered at the head of his company on the parade, and presented with an ensign's commission, the reward of merit, acknowledged by the illustrious Washington.

Our hero was now apparently in the high road to honor, possessing the same courteous spirit as when depressed by poverty and suffering for want of friends; yet the cruel business of war, far from possessing charms in his view, was only justified by the righteousness of the cause in which he had engaged, and the last necessity.—His breast had been too much accustomed to sorrow not to heave a sigh for the calamities of others; and his eyes had too often shed the briny tear of woe, when void of pleasure in a father's house, not to bewail the fate of the unhappy prisoner, and weep for the distressed.—His heart was firm though tender,—and his determination great, yet tempered with reason. Qualifications that caused him to be appointed to many honorary excursions, by his commanders, in the execution of one of which after four years meritorious service, he was ambushed by a party of the enemy, and the principal part of the company he had the honor to command, having bravely fallen, was obliged to surrender to superior force and were sent on board that horrid receptacle the *Jersey*, in the harbor of New York, the fatal place of doom of many brave Americans.

Our unfortunate young soldier bore the sad reverse with the form-

tude of a man and the coolness of a philosopher: and altho' no distinction was paid to rank, but officers and men promiscuously huddled together in the hold, amidst an accumulation of infection, impurity and filth,—his greatest distress seemed to be on account of the brave fellows suffering with him, while on the other hand, could life itself have relieved him from his fate, his men would cheerfully have risked it for him against the greatest odds, or perhaps have sacrificed themselves to set him free.—They had ever venerated, not servilely feared, ever honored not barely submitted to the control of affability, superior talents, and the affection of a father displayed in the conduct of their still youthful captain.

For several weeks our hero bore the terrors of the melancholy scene, which daily exhibited the most terrifying spectacles of horror, viz. brave Americans falling a sacrifice to rigorous treatment, bad provisions and almost every conceivable distress, with scarce a rational hope that he should himself escape the unhappy fate of the greatest part of his brave fellow prisoners; but Providence had otherways decreed respecting him:—the infernal receptacle the *Jersey* being full, he with a few companions were put on board a light transport, which the next day was ordered to Halifax, and the business requiring dispatch failed immediately, with orders to lodge that few prisoners on board in the provost of that place. This was a happy change: it removed him from an infected loathsome hospital, to a fresh wholesome vessel,

sol, and from the barbarity of an unfeeling Cerberus, to the control of a man; for it proved the captain of the transport was a gentleman, above the possibility of adding torment to the distress, or weight to the galling fetters of the prisoner. Congenial spirits soon flow together where nature takes the lead; and the brave soul in every possible condition no sooner views than it reveres its counterpart; rises superior to the precarious idea of difference of circumstances, where virtue's not infringed; and man, in spite of prejudice,

or national peculiarities, becomes the friend of man.—Thus the deportment of the captive hero, first gained the attention, then demanded the admiration, and consequently received the humane regard and cordial friendship of the commander of the transport; he admitted him to his parole, and taking his engagement for the warrantable behavior of his companions, permitted them to participate with him a happy liberation from close confinement in the hold.

[*To be continued.*]

To the Good People of America.

AND really a good sort of people ye are, when ye are pleased. The task is not difficult to bring ye into good humour, neither; but I defy all the artists upon earth to keep you so.

Ye love to find fault—nay, to make faults; and, if you cannot quarrel with your neighbors, you will fall out with yourselves; like the greyhound, who used to grow angry at his own tail.

You may say, that I am guilty of injustice; and that ye are affable, humane, friendly, charitable, social, sweet-tempered, self-denying beings. If every person was to draw his own picture, the pen-and-ink portrait would appear so; but to me, who have looked upon life for above twenty years, as an unconcerned spectator of all the fantasticalness with which mankind have fatigued themselves—to me ye appear selfish, stubborn, querulous, conceited, discontented existences—and ever enjoy more than ye deserve—yet are daily wishing for more enjoyments, and do less and less to deserve them.

Epictetus says, mankind are dissatisfied: Seneca says, they are discontented; and this is what both before and since Seneca, every person has been saying, who could say any thing.

With your leave, good people, I will present you with a character; as it is common for those who suppose themselves to be artists, to exhibit specimens of their performance, I offer this, with submission; and tell me if you please, how you like it—'Tis a sketch of a farmer.

In the harvest season, that particular month of Providence's bounty, when all animal creation appears cheerfully industrious, and we may even fancy approaching winter to bear a smile on his weather-worn wrinkles, when he views the store that is gathering in to comfort him, while he visits us—yet, even then, congratulate the farmer on the noble prospect of his well covered acres, he will shake his head, and, between a sigh and a grant, answer you with 'Ah! but the straw is short.'

If the straw is long, then—there is no substance in the grain.

If there is but an indifferent crop, he laments that it will not pay the expence of housing and threshing.

If a plentiful crop, he grumbles—corn will be so cheap, it will not be worth carrying to market.

The reader, who happens not to be a farmer will wonder how this person can be so discontented. Yet it is an even bet, that those who seem to be amazed at such grumblers, are as dissatisfied themselves; the symptoms of the distemper may be different, but the disease is the same in almost all.

Half the cure is supposed to be performed, when the physician knows the patient's disorder.

Indeed, my good people, neighbors, and choice spirits, I do know, bona fide, that you are disordered, and know what your disorder is—nay, would prescribe for you, but imagine my medicine will be thrown away.

Suppose I ordered you a few grains of self-knowledge, half a drachm of patience, and a scruple of self-denial, mixed up with a tea-spoonful of the fyrrap of humility—will any of you take such an electuary? Ye might taste it indeed for the novelty's sake; but I would not bet a handful of integrity against all court ceremonies, that ye spit it out again.

Folly has thrown your head into hysterics; and I will lay opinion against common sense (which are the greaest odds that can be offered) not one man in many dozens knows what is the matter with himself.

Last week I called on an old acquaintance; his lady told me, her spouse was disordered at some-

thing, she could not tell what; and that she was happy at my calling, because she hoped I would get him into spirits again.

I went to him into his study, there he sat as discontented as an undone gamester. I took him by the hand, and enquired if he was ill. He replied that, thank God, he enjoyed as good a state of health as any man in the world. I desired to know if his affairs were any way complicated which might make him uneasy. His reply was: 'Sir, I do not owe any person a shilling; and my income greatly exceeds my outsets.' 'I hope, sir, no words have happened betwixt your lady and you?' 'There is not a better women breathing, sir, and we live in continued harmony.' 'How does your daughter, sir?' 'Married, sir as happily as I am' 'Your son at college?' 'My son, sir, contributes to my happiness; I hear every body praise him.' 'What then, sir, can you be uneasy about?' 'See there, sir,' my friend replied, raising his voice, and at the same time pulling some printed papers out of his pocket: "There, sir, read there! there is the Gazette, and the Herald, and the Journal, and the Mercury, and the Chronicle—who can enjoy himself, when he reads such terrible accounts as they give us, not only of our government, but also of the people? Mercy upon us! but we are a bought-and-sold nation!"

With some difficulty I persuaded him to come into company again, and once more be himself, and leave the study of politics to those who love to be imposed on.

I told him (and what said unto him,

him, I say unto all) that all a man of sense ought to do, was to conform to the laws of God and his country; to take things as they were; use them as they should be; act with as much integrity to mankind, as the customs of the world would suffer; and, independent and contented,

enjoy the pleasures of domestic society; waiting with patience for that awful that all-interesting event, when empire breaks his sceptre, & beauty ceases to be amiable; when faction is dissipated, the phantom of pride vanished, and all worldly distinctions buried in a death-bed dissolution.

A F R A G M E N T.

—“**A** CURSED cruel set of beings!” said *Marcus*, flinging the remainder of his segar behind the fire, and rising with indignation from his chair, ‘they deserve to be burnt alive every d——l of them and after death to be cooped up in the hottest corner of hell to all eternity.—What a good man was *Louis*, and what an amiable beautiful woman was his *Queen*! surely they did not deserve such a fate—such a cruel death, inflicted by such a banditti—such a low lived set of infernals.’—‘They *did* deserve it,’ said *Wine-wife* swearing a great oath, ‘they *did* deserve it’ repeated he, and swearing still louder, ‘all I lament is, that they could not be punished more severely, the Guillotine was not severe enough for them, but since it is the worst punishment that can be inflicted on mortals I am glad the French make such frequent use of it, and I hope they will continue to keep it in motion as long as an aristocrat remains in being on the face of the earth.’ *Marcus* coloured, clenched his fist, and seemed to be preparing for combat.—*Wine-wife* started from his seat, dashed his glass against the chimney back—swore an oath too long and wide to be contained in a Magazine. A battle seemed to be in-

evitable—when the attention of the combatants and of the rest of the company was turned to another object. A man at the other end of the room, was walking unconcerned, and without noticing what was passing, was singing—

A cobbler there was, and he liv’d in a stall, &c.

The company stared at the man, with amazement—he had taken no notice of the violent furies who were about to wring each others noses. He must be an idiot, says one,—the devil’s in him, says another, he’s deaf says a third—Aye and blind too, says a fourth, or he must have felt himself interested in such a debate. The man, after having repeated *derry-down*, twice or thrice more than the tune required, made a pause in his song and turning to the company said,—“It may be so for aught I know or care; if I am an idiot God send that I may remain so—

‘While ignorance is bliss

’Tis folly to be wise.’”

If the devil’s in me, he is a very peacable devil, he never prompts me to pull my neighbor’s nose—he never urges me into a quarrel about matters of which I am utterly ignorant. When I hear of the violent death of a person,

person, either by the hands of great or little tyrants, I pity him, but my taking part for or against him, can do him neither good nor harm, it may disturb me and hurt my feelings but can do no one good; why then should I rave? When men are distracting themselves, and making their fellow creatures miserable, with their passionate party feuds; I make it a point to be deaf and blind.—I have employment enough for both body and mind in maintaining an amiable wife and a helpless family of little ones. I want not to hear or see any thing of your European politics, the King and Queen of France I know nothing about, for them I have neither eyes nor

ears: but thank God, when Betty the widows little daughter, with a ragged cloak for her only covering, without a shoe to her foot, comes shivering into my shop, I can yet see her—I can hear her complain “that she has been all through the street, over snow and ice and can’t get a morsel of bread.”—Yes, and God be praised and blessed, I have as yet been enabled to give her a few pence to buy her bread, that she might not suffer with hunger as well as cold.’ Here the stranger ended his harangue, and making a low bow to the company went out singing,

*‘I envy not the proud their wealth
‘Their equipage and state’ &c.*

An infallible scheme for paying off the continental debt, and defraying the current expenses of government, without any additional tax either grievous or burdensome to laborious or industrious subjects of the United States: by an old financier.

THE great distress of this unhappy country is too visible to all, except those who have the power to redress it. We may observe through the whole continent one universal complaint of the decay of trade, general bankruptcies, deficiency of money, and rapaciousness of tax-gatherers; and yet I cannot find, amongst all the schemes, proposed to lessen these evils, any one in particular, which seems likely to succeed. But what is still an addition to this melancholy prospect of affairs, is the unbounded extravagance, both in dress and entertainments in which persons of some property, as well as those of no property, seem willing to indulge.

We are affected in quite a different manner from all the na-

tions upon earth; for with others, wealth is the mother of luxury, but with us poverty has the very same effect; with others, scarcity is the parent of industry, but with us, it is the nurse of idleness and vice. We labor to imitate the kingdoms of Europe in nothing but their extravagance, without having the same plentiful aids of commerce, or applying ourselves to the study of fair dealing, to maintain it. So that, in short, by our own ill management, we are brought to so low an ebb of wealth and credit, that our condition seems incapable of relief.

But, having the interest of this our country at heart, I do not intend this essay as a detail of our grievances, but as a remedy against them; and for that purpose,

poſe, I have laboured to find out ſuch a ſcheme, as will diſcharge the public debt, without oppreſſing the citizens, and that in ſo ſhort a time, that we may neither complain of being loaded with long-continued taxes, nor quite deſpair of being once more in a condition to have, at leaſt, the appearance of honeſty and induſtry, if nothing better.

Let us conſider what thoſe vices are, which at preſent prevail moſt amongſt us—upon enquiry, we ſhall find them to be fraud, treachery, deceit, and ingratitude, with their auxiliaries, perjury, drunkenneſs, blaſphemy, ſlander, and infidelity.

Would it not then be worthy of our conſideration, and that of the different legiſlatures, to enquire whether a moderate tax upon every particular vice would not be more conducive to our welfare, than the cramping our foreign and domeſtic trade? Such a tax muſt of neceſſity yield a vaſt revenue, and prove a moſt infallible ſcheme for our proſperity.

But before I proceed to particulars, it may not be amiſs to pre-miſe, that this tax is not deſigned for any one ſtate or country; but to extend itſelf univerſally over the continent; becauſe different vices may flouriſh in different ſtates, or even counties of the ſame ſtate like different plants in their different ſoils: as perjury in one, fraud in another, deceit and ingratitude in a third, treachery in a fourth, plunder and rapine in a fifth, and ſo of the reſt. However, in ſome ſtates, I take perjury to be the moſt important and particular ſtaple vice—And, leſt

any diſputes may hereafter ariſe, about the nature of perjury, or what perſons are to be ſubject to this tax—I muſt here alſo pre-miſe, that every lie, confirmed by an oath, is undoubtedly perjury, whether before a chancellor, a magiſtrate, or behind a counter; and therefore do not doubt, but the trading part of our people will be great benefactors to the public in this particular article, as well as thoſe who retire from trade with a moderate competency, under the great law batteries raiſed for their protection by the legiſlatures.

Theſe two things being premiſed, let us ſuppoſe that in this extenſive empire, five hundred perſons are guilty of this little infirmity of perjury each day, which computation muſt be allowed very moderate—If we recollect that this number is not above a two hundredth part of the inhabitants of any one of the middling ſtates, Virginia and Maſſachuſetts being left out of the number. And if we further conſider what ſtrong inducements our people have to practice it from its being often ſo exceedingly beneficial—if we conſider the uſe made of it in all ſorts of traffic—the great demands for it in law-ſuits—the great advantage of it in elections—and the undeniable profits of it in all proſecutions, we ſhall think the number five hundred ſtill more reaſonable. Let us ſuppoſe every one of this number to be perjured only once every day (which is a favorable ſuppoſition) and ſubject only to a tax of one-fourth of a dollar for each offence; for which ſum, perhaps, he may procure either the death of an enemy, an eſtate for his friend, or

24 *An infallible scheme for paying off the continental debt.*

a fortune for himself (all which are very desirable ;) the tax will be by far too inconsiderable to make one murmur, and yet will yield the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars per day, towards discharging our national debt. Besides, this tax, though very low, may in reality be very profitable to mankind, particularly to attorneys, doctors, gamblers, taylors, invoice makers, whether on saltwater or land, sheriffs, with their deputies, runners, and all that host of worthies, tavernkeepers, auctioneers, brokers, and other honest traders, who will scarce think it answerable to the expense of time, to forswear themselves for any profit, from one shilling to a quarter dollar inclusive ; but will at least, for every transgression, expect to gain sufficient to defray the tax. However, I would have all sworn constables, and all collectors of this and many other taxes, entirely exempt from any penalty, as privileged persons ; because, by that means, they will be enabled to be serviceable in their respective situations.

Conjugal infidelity, as the world goes at present, would furnish the public with a large sum, even at a very moderate tax ; for it is now made an essential part of the polite gentleman's character ; and he that has prevailed on the greatest number, proportionally rises in reputation. Let us then compute that in the several parts of this continent, one thousand per day, were liable to be taxed for this genteel vice, only at the small sum of a dollar hard money, (no paper currency to be taken in any of these taxes) the revenue arising from this impost would amount to £.375 per day ;

and in one year to upwards of £.136,500 current money of Pennsylvania, &c.

I know it may be here objected, that I have computed upon too small a number, and that I might justly account rather upon four or five thousand a day in the several states of the union—but although I own this objection to be very strong, if we were to consider the opportunities of balls, play houses, night-sermons, horseracing card playing, private banqueting, and many other commodious scenes for that kind of entertainment ; yet I would rather choose to err on the right side, in too small, than too great a computation.

Drunkenness I would only tax at six-pence, as it might be prejudicial to trade, as well as the revenue, to discourage it, and consequently subject the proposer to penalties. Let us compute that only twenty thousand persons (which is not the two hundredth part of the people in the United States) were daily liable to be taxed, the amount would be £.500 per day. And how extremely moderate this computation is, may appear to any one who considers, that besides opportunities of taverns, billiard-tables and private houses, there are public feasts, weddings and christenings, and many other irresistible inducements to this manly vice, which, perhaps, if nicely calculated, would daily furnish us with two-thirds more than our computed number, and by that means greatly conduce to the public good—However, I would by all means exempt all country justices of the peace, whether they had the rudiments of their education on the

the fore-castle of a trading ship, brig, or other vessel; in the tap-room of a twopenny beer-house; or in the yet more laborious and ingenious occupation, of repairing old soles and heels—or otherwise, in the due management of a cart, waggon, or dray; because, it would be rather degrading to see such respectable personages insulted by meaner officers as often as they might be discovered in such a condition.

Swearing would be a most universal benefit towards augmenting these funds; because it serves to season the discourse of all ranks and degrees of men, and may also be serviceable to ladies, upon any sudden and unexpected suspicion of irregular conduct. It is the principal ingredient and decoration of all modern jests, jokes, and love speeches, disputes, threats, and promises, and consequently capable of affording an incredible revenue; however,

I am already apprehensive, that all military persons will expect an exemption from taxes on this account; because they may plead precedents for many generations; may alledge the power of custom, the decency and agreeableness of it, when properly interspersed with other discourse, or, that the censorious world, would perhaps suspect that they knew nothing of God, if they did not some time or other mention his name, and many other reasons of equal weight: but though these remonstances are very just, yet, as this is the only means by which standing armies in times of profound peace can possibly conduce to the national good, it will be hard to exempt them—However, as the military power would be liable to this tax in all its branches, and

thereby be utterly impoverished, I believe it may not be improper to allow all foot soldiers and field officers, ensigns, naval officers, cabinboys and commissaries, forty or fifty oaths a day, entirely free from any tax or penalty.

As for slander, supposing only 40,000 per day, taxed at the foregoing moderate rate of 6d. for every offence, this article would daily afford the public (at the lowest computation) £. 1000, and as this is a favorite talent, we might have ventured to tax it much higher; but I would not wish to discourage so charitable a disposition, especially where it may promote the interest of my country.

As to the ladies, I have been always too great an admirer of their's, to desire any restriction should be laid on their pleasures, either private or public; and, therefore, I would have them taxed only half as much as the men, for every little error of this kind; because slander in men is an unnatural talent, and generally practised to ingratiate themselves with the opposite sex; whereas, this gentle failing in females, is innate, and impossible to be restrained; which is an unfortunate circumstance, that demands our utmost lenity and compassion. I think assemblies, gossiping houses, and all places of public resort for ladies, ought to be exempt from any penalty; because it is so material a part of the discourse and amusement of those places, that to tax them for each offence would be in effect to enjoin them perpetual silence, which (if it were possible) would be as great a mortification to themselves, as a disappointment to all slayers of reputation, and dealers in news. D Luxurious

26 *An infallible scheme for paying off the continental debt.*

Luxurious articles of every denomination should also be liable to a tax: and under this head, should be classed all family bibles, common prayer books, lives of the saints, psalm books, and such other books of divinity as are seldom used, unless to enter the births and baptisms of children in them. This being a purpose so repugnant to those sacred writings, that a tax of (at least) ten dollars a year, should be laid upon all such books, whenever the owners of them could not give satisfactory proof of their having opened them at their public or private devotions, above once or twice in a year; always reserving and excepting, nevertheless, to pretty beans, and little misses, four Sundays, annually, for the sole purpose of admiring each other at any church, chapel, or other house of worship they may think proper, when and where it may be allowed them to turn over the leaves without reading a syllable of their contents; as the very appearance of such books, in a public place, might be the means of setting a good example to those who never touch them upon any pretence whatever: but as I should not wish this to be considered in the nature of a partial tax, nor to bear hard upon those who have been many years used to indulgence, and of course, might think any restraint of this kind, an attack upon their liberty; from these considerations I would willingly allow all old bachelors and widowers above the age of forty, and all maiden ladies above the age of thirty-five, respectively, one whole year free of this tax, hoping that at the expiration thereof, they might

conform to the rules prescribed by the laws of their country.

Let us now only consider the several sums arising from the tax on a few only, of our most simple vices, according to the computation made of them: and the equity and infallibility of the scheme must appear as demonstrable as any proposition in Euclid.

For, perjury at 125 dollars per day or 3750 per month, will amount in current money	£.1,506 5 0
Conjugal infidelity £.375 per day, or per month, to	11,200 0 0
Drunkenness £.500 per day, or per month	15,000 0 0
Swearing £.2000 per day, or per month	60,000 0 0
Slander £.1000 per day, or per month	30,000 0 0
Total per month	£.117,656 5 0

which in the course of one year, will amount to one million, four hundred and eleven thousand, eight hundred and seventy-five pounds like current money.

But lest by the universal poverty of our people, which is much to be feared, or by their growing more virtuous, (an unnatural change, that can never be reasonably apprehended) this daily income should fall short of what we have computed, I must beg leave to offer some other improvements of this scheme, which will undoubtedly answer all deficiencies: and for this purpose, if a severe tax was laid on all men who presumed to marry until they arrived at the age of knowing something of themselves, or of some occupation

pation, whereby they might even hope to obtain some honest and competent livelihood; and upon all young women who contracted matrimony, before they arrived at the age of discretion, or knew any thing to qualify them for housekeepers and mistresses of families, except the art of bedizenning, painting and dressing themselves a la mode de Harlequin (excepting and always reserving with or without discretion, all ladies above the age of sixty, who might have a desire to enter into the holy order of matrimony; it being presumed at that period of life, that they would not contaminate future generations by transmitting any issue of so late a marriage.) If any should prove fool-hardy enough to transgress a law so calculated for the happiness of mankind, each offence would be of material benefit to the public; and if providentially it should prove an effectual restraint, there must of consequence be fewer children in each family, and of course, the number of poor throughout the united states, must proportionably decrease.

As to the scheme of taxing bachelors, which has lately been proposed by many honorable members in different assemblies of the states, I must beg leave to think it highly improper; because bachelors of all ranks and degrees are real benefactors to the public, by not furnishing either beggars or oppressors of beggars, one of

which must infallibly be the consequence of marriage in this great empire.

These, and many other expedients, might easily be furnished upon any emergency, to supply considerable sums for the continental debt. But as there will probably remain a surplus, if this plan be adopted, over and above our public debt, I would allow 100,000*l.* for salaries to such persons as shall be appointed collectors, and I hope this will be considered as an adequate provision, though generally, above one half of every tax is expended in paying the officers for collecting it. The overplus (if any) may be deposited in the treasury of the united states, for any other laudable or pious use.

Thus would a moderate tax upon our vices, apparently contribute to save this extensive empire from utter ruin. Many persons who have not the least excuse for their irregularities at present, (except their commendable public spirited contempt for religion) might then plead in their own defence, that their immoralities had contributed to save their country. And by these means, we might be furnished with a multitude of patriots, who probably would never prove so in any other respect; therefore I must publicly declare, there can be no other method, half so good as the one proposed, to make private vices, public benefits.

Philadelphia, April 25, 1788.

Extract from Knox's Essays.

On entrance into Life, and the conduct of early Manhood.

THERE seems to be a peculiar propriety in addressing moral precepts to the rising genera-

tion. Besides that, like travellers entering on a journey, they want

want direction, there are circumstances which render it probable, that instruction will be more efficacious in youth than at a maturer period. Long habits of business or pleasure, and an indiscriminate intercourse with mankind, often superinduce a great degree of insensibility; and the battered veteran at last considers the admonitions of the moralist as the vain babbling of a sophist, and the declamation of a school-boy. The keen edge of moral perception is blunted by long and reiterated collision. To him who has lost the finer sensibilities, it is no less fruitless to address a moral discourse, than to represent to the deaf the charms of melody, or to the blind, the beauties of a picture.

But youth possesses sensibility in perfection; and unless education has been totally neglected, or erroneously pursued, its habits are usually virtuous. Furnished with a natural susceptibility, and free from any acquired impediment, the mind is then in the most favorable state for the admission of any instruction, and for learning how to live.

I will then suppose a young man present who has passed thro' the forms of a liberal education at school, and who is just entering on the stage of life, to act his part according to his own judgment.—I will address him with all the affection and sincerity of a parent, in the following manner:

' You have violent passions im-
' planted in you by Nature for
' the accomplishment of her pur-
' poses. But do not conclude, as
' many have done to their ruin, that

' because they are violent, they
' are irresistible. The same nature
' that gave you passions, gave you
' reason and a love of order. Re-
' ligion added to the light of Na-
' ture and the experience of man-
' kind, has concurred in establish-
' ing it as an unquestionable truth,
' that the irregular or intemperate
' indulgence of the passions is al-
' ways attended with pain in some
' mode or other, which greatly
' exceeds its pleasure.

' Your passions will be easily
' restrained from enormous ex-
' cesses, if you really wish and
' honestly endeavour to re-
' strain them. But the greater
' part of young men study to in-
' flame their fury, and give them
' a degree of force which they
' possess not in a state of Nature.
' They run into temptation, and
' desire not to be delivered from
' evil. They knowingly and
' willingly sacrifice to momenta-
' ry gratifications, the comfort
' of all which would sweeten the
' remainder of life. Begin then
' with most sincerely wishing to
' conquer those subtle and power-
' ful enemies which you carry
' in your bosom. Pray for divine
' assistance. Avoid solitude the
' first moment a loose thought in-
' sinuates itself, and hasten to
' the company of those whom
' you respect. Never converse
' on subjects which lead to im-
' pure ideas. Have courage to
' decline reading immoral books,
' even when they fall into your
' hands. If you form a strong
' attachment to a virtuous wo-
' man, dare to marry early. It
' is better to be poor than wick-
' ed. Cherish the object of your
' early love. Be industrious,
' and trust in Providence.

' Thus

' Thus shall you avoid the
' perpetual torments of unruly
' affection, the most loathsome of
' diseases, and the thousand penal-
' ties of selfish celibacy. Thus
' shall you please God & your own
' heart, if it is a good one ; and
' displease none but an ill-judging
' and wicked world, and perhaps
' a few of your covetous rela-
' tions.

' But really you have not so
' much to fear from the violence
' of the concupiscent affections.
' when unassisted by voluntary
' complaisance, as from vanity.
' The perverse ambition of arri-
' ving at the character of a man
' of spirit by vicious audacity,
' has of late universally pre-
' vailed, and has ruined the
' greater part of the British
' youth, I have known many
' young men proud of the im-
' purest of distempers, and
' boasting of misfortunes which
' are attended with the greatest
' pain and misery, and ought
' to be accompanied with shame.
' Far more have taken pains to
' shine, in the little circle of their
' vicious acquaintance, in the
' character of gay libertines, than
' to acquire, by useful qualities,
' the esteem of the good. From
' vanity, are health and peace
' sacrificed, fortunes lavished
' without credit or enjoyment,
' every relative and personal
' duty neglected, and religion
' boldly set at defiance. To be
' admitted into the company of
' those who disgrace the family
' title which they inherit, thou-
' sands plunge into debauchery
' without passion, into drunken-
' ness without convivial enjoy-
' ment, into gaming without the
' means or inclination for play.
' Old age rapidly advances.—

' When vanity at length retreats
' from insult and from mortifica-
' tion, avarice succeeds ; and
' disease, and disgrace, and pov-
' erty, diffuse clouds and dark-
' ness over the evening of life.
' Such is the lot of those who
' glory in their shame, and are
' ashamed of their glory.

' Have sense and resolution e-
' nough, therefore, to give up
' all pretensions to those titles of
' a fine fellow, a rake, or what-
' ever vulgar name the tem-
' porary cant of the vicious
' bestows on the distinguished
' libertine. Preserve your prin-
' ciples, and be steady in your
' conduct. And though your ex-
' emplary behavior may bring
' upon you the insulting and i-
' ronical appellation of a Saint, a
' Puritan, or even a Methodist,
' persevere. It will be your turn,
' in a few years, not indeed to
' insult, but to pity. Have spir-
' it. Shew your spirit. But
' let it be that spirit which urges
' you to proceed against all oppo-
' sition in the path in which you
' were placed by the faithful
' guide of your infancy and ear-
' ly youth. Display a noble
' superiority in daring to disre-
' gard the spiteful and artful
' reproaches of the vain, who
' labor to make you a convert to
' folly, in order to keep them in
' countenance. They will laugh
' at first, but esteem you in their
' hearts, even while they laugh,
' and, in the end, revere your
' virtue.

' Let that generous courage
' which conscious rectitude
' inspires, enable you to despise
' and neglect the assaults of rid-
' icule. When all other modes
' of attack have failed, ridicule
' has

‘ has succeeded. The bulwark
 ‘ of virtue, which has stood firm-
 ‘ ly against the weapons of argu-
 ‘ ment, has tottered on its basis,
 ‘ or fallen to the ground, at
 ‘ the slightest touch of magic
 ‘ ridicule. In the college, in
 ‘ the army, in the world at
 ‘ large, it is the powerful en-
 ‘ gine which is used to level
 ‘ an exalted character. You
 ‘ will infallibly be attacked with
 ‘ it, if you are in any respect
 ‘ singular; and singular in many
 ‘ respects you must be, if you
 ‘ are eminently virtuous.

‘ Love truth, and dare to
 ‘ speak it at all events. The
 ‘ man of the world will tell you,
 ‘ you must dissemble; and so you
 ‘ must, if your objects and pur-
 ‘ suits are as mean and as selfish
 ‘ as his. But your purposes
 ‘ are generous; and your means
 ‘ of obtaining them are there-
 ‘ fore undisguised. You mean
 ‘ well. Avow your meaning,
 ‘ if honor acquires the avowal,
 ‘ and fear nothing. You will
 ‘ indeed do right to wish to
 ‘ please; but you will only wish
 ‘ to please the worthy; and
 ‘ none but worthy actions will ef-
 ‘ fect that purpose. With res-
 ‘ pect to that *art of pleasing*
 ‘ which requires the sacrifice of
 ‘ your sincerity, despise it as the
 ‘ base quality of flatterers, syc-
 ‘ ophants, cheats, and scound-
 ‘ rels. An habitual liar, be-
 ‘ sides that he will be known
 ‘ and marked with infamy, must
 ‘ possess a poor and pusillanimous
 ‘ heart; for lying originates in
 ‘ cowardice. It originates also
 ‘ in fraud; and a liar, whatever
 ‘ may be his station, would cer-
 ‘ tainly, if he was sure of secrecy,
 ‘ be a thief. Sorry am I to say,
 ‘ that this habit is very frequent

‘ in the world; even among
 ‘ those who make a figure in the
 ‘ realms of dissipation; among
 ‘ those, whose *honor* would com-
 ‘ pel them to stab you to the
 ‘ heart, if you were to tell them
 ‘ plainly so mortifying a truth,
 ‘ as that you convict them of a
 ‘ lie.

‘ With all your good qualities,
 ‘ unite the humility of a Chris-
 ‘ tian. Be not morose. Be cau-
 ‘ tious of overvaluing yourself.
 ‘ Make allowances for the vices
 ‘ and errors which you will dai-
 ‘ ly see. Remember that all
 ‘ have not the benefit of moral
 ‘ instruction; that a great part
 ‘ of mankind are in effect or-
 ‘ phans turned loose into the wide
 ‘ world, without one faithful
 ‘ friend to give them advice;
 ‘ left to find their own way in a
 ‘ dark and rugged wilderness,
 ‘ with snares, and quick sands,
 ‘ and chasms, around them. Be
 ‘ candid therefore, and, among
 ‘ all the improvements of edu-
 ‘ cation and refinements of man-
 ‘ ners, let the beautiful Chris-
 ‘ tian graces of meekness and
 ‘ benevolence shine most conspic-
 ‘ uous. Wherever you can, re-
 ‘ lieve distress, prevent mischief,
 ‘ and do good; but be neither
 ‘ ostentatious, nor censorious.

‘ Be cheerful, and gratefully
 ‘ enjoy the good which Provi-
 ‘ dence has bestowed upon you.
 ‘ But be moderate. Moderation
 ‘ is the law of enjoyment. All
 ‘ beyond is nominal pleasure and
 ‘ real pain.

‘ I will not multiply my pre-
 ‘ cepts. Chuse good books, and
 ‘ follow their direction. Adopt
 ‘ religious, virtuous, manly
 ‘ principles. Fix them deeply
 ‘ in your bosom, and let them

Of the Progressive Scale or Chain of Beings in the Universe. 31

‘ go with you unloofened and un-
‘ altered to the grave.

‘ If you follow such advice as,
‘ from the pure motive of ser-
‘ ving you most essentially, I
‘ have given you, I will not in-
‘ deed promise that you shall
‘ not be unfortunate, according

‘ to the common idea of the
‘ word; but I will confidently
‘ assure you, that you shall not be
‘ unhappy. I will not promise
‘ you worldly success, but I will
‘ engage that you shall deserve
‘ it, and shall know how to bear
‘ the want of it.’

From Smellie's Philosophy of Natural History.

Of the Progressive Scale or Chain of Beings in the Universe.

TO men of observation and reflection, it is apparent, that all the beings on this earth, whether animals or vegetables, have a mutual connection and a mutual dependence on each other. There is a graduated scale or chain of existence, not a link of which, however seemingly insignificant, could be broken without affecting the whole. Superficial men, or, which is the same thing, men who avoid the trouble of serious thinking, wonder at the design of producing certain insects and reptiles. But they do not consider that the annihilation of any one of these species, though some of them are inconvenient, and even noxious to man, would make a blank in Nature, and prove destructive to other species who feed upon them. These, in their turn, would be the cause of destroying other species, and the system of devastation would gradually proceed, till man himself would be extirpated, and leave this earth destitute of all animation.

In the chain of animals, man is unquestionably the chief or common link, and from him all the other links descend by almost imperceptible gradations. As a highly rational animal, improved with science and arts, he is, in

some measure, related to beings of a superior order, wherever they exist. By contemplating the works of Nature, he even rises to some faint ideas of her great Author. Why, it has been asked, are not men endowed with the powers and capacities of angels?—beings of whom we have not even a conception. With the same propriety, it may be asked, Why have not beasts the mental powers of men? Questions of this kind are the results of ignorance, which is always petulant and presumptuous. Every creature is perfect, according to its destination.—Raise or depress any order of beings, the whole system of course will be deranged, and a new world would be necessary to contain and support them. Particular orders of beings should not be considered separately, but by the rank they hold in the general system. From man to the minutest animalcule which can be discovered by the microscope, the chasm seems actually filled up with sentient beings of which the lines of discrimination are almost imperceptible. All of them possess degrees of perfection or of excellence proportioned to their station in the universe. Even
among

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among mankind, which is a particular species, the scale of intellect is very extensive. What a difference between an enlightened philosopher and a brutal Hottentot ! Still, however, Nature observes, for the wisest purposes, her uniform plan of gradation. In the human species, the degrees of intelligence are extremely varied. Were all men philosophers, the business of life could not be executed, and neither society, nor even the species, could long exist. Industry, various degrees of knowledge, different dispositions, and different talents, are great bonds of society. The Gentoos, from certain political and religious institutions, have formed their people into different casts or ranks, out of which their posterity can never immerge. To us, such institutions appear to be tyrannical, and restraints on the natural liberty of man. In some respects they are so : But they seem to have been originally the results of wisdom and observation ; for, independently of all political institutions, Nature herself has formed the human species into casts or ranks. To some she gives superior genius and mental abilities ; and, even of these, the views, the pursuits, and the tastes, are most wonderfully diversified.

In the talents and qualities of quadrupeds of the same species, there are often remarkable differences. These differences are conspicuous in the various races of horses, dogs, &c. Even among the same races, some are bold, sprightly, and sagacious. Others are comparatively timid, phlegmatic, and dull.

Our knowledge of the chain of intellectual and corporeal be-

ings is very imperfect ; but what we do know gives us exalted ideas of that variety and progression which reign in the universe. A thick cloud prevents us from recognising the most beautiful and magnificent parts of this chain of being. We shall endeavor, however, to point out a few of the more obvious links of that chain which falls under our own limited observation.

Man, even by his external qualities, stands at the head of this world. His relations are more extensive, and his form more advantageous than those of any other animal. His intellectual powers when improved by society and science, raise him so high, that, if no degrees of excellence had existence among his own species, he would leave a great void in the chain of being. Were we to consider the characters, the manners, and the genius of different nations, of different provinces and towns, and even of the members of the same family, we should imagine that the species of men were as various as the number of individuals. How many gradations may be traced between a stupid Huron or a Hottentot, and a profound philosopher ? Here the distance is immense ; but Nature has occupied the whole by almost infinite shades of discrimination.

In descending the scale of animation, the next step, it is humiliating to remark, is very short. Man, in his lowest condition, is evidently linked, both in the form of his body and the capacity of his mind, to the large and small orang-outangs. These by another slight gradation, are connected to the apes, who, like the

the former have no tails. It is wonderful that Linnaeus, and many other naturalists, should have overlooked this gradation in the scale of animals, and maintained, that the island of Nicobar, and some other parts of the East-Indies, were inhabited by tailed men. Before those animals, whose external figure has the greatest resemblance of man, are ornamented or rather deformed, with tails, there are several shades of discrimination. The larger and smaller orang-outangs, which are really brutes, have no tails. Neither are the numerous tribes of apes furnished with this appendage. But the believers in tailed men gravely tell us, that there is nothing surprising in this phenomenon, because a tail is only a prolongation of the *os coccygis*, which is the termination of the back bone. They consider not, however, that instead of accounting for the existence of tailed men, they do nothing more than substitute a learned circumlocution for the simple word *tail*. It is here worthy of remark, that a philosopher, who has paid little attention to natural history, is perpetually liable to be deceived; and that a naturalist, I mean a nomenclator, without philosophy, though he may be useful by mechanically marking distinctions, is incapable of enriching our minds with general ideas. A proper mixture of the two is best calculated to produce a real philosopher. From the orang-outangs and apes to the baboons, the interval is hardly perceptible.—The true apes have no tails, and those of the baboons are very short. The monkeys who form the next link, have long tails, and terminate this chain of imitative animals,

which has such a detestable resemblance to the human frame and manners.

When examining the characters by which beings are distinguishable from each other, we perceive that some of them are more general and include a greater variety than others. From this circumstance all our distribution into classes, orders, genera, and species, are derived. Between two classes, or two genera, however, Nature always exhibits intermediate productions so closely allied, that it is extremely difficult to ascertain to which of them they belong. The polypus, which multiplies by shoots, or by sections, from its body, connects the animal to the vegetable kingdom. Those worms which lodge in tubes composed of sand, seem to link the insects to the shell and crustaceous animals. Shell animals and crustaceous insects make also a near approach to each other. Both of them have muscles and instruments of motion attached to external instead of internal bones. From reptiles, the degrees of perfection in animal life and powers move forward in a gradual but perceptible manner. The number of their organs of sense, and the general conformation of their bodies, begin to have a greater analogy to the structure of those animals which we are accustomed to consider as belonging to the more perfect kinds. The snake, by its form, its movements, and its mode of living, is evidently connected with the eel and the water-serpent. Like reptiles, most fishes are covered with scales, the colours and variety of which often enable us to distinguish one species from another. The forms of fishes are exceedingly

ingly various. Some are long and slender; others are broad and contracted. Some fishes are flat, others cylindrical, triangular, square, circular, &c. The fins of fishes, from the medium in which they live, are analogous to the wings of birds. Like of those reptiles, the heads of fishes are immediately connected to their bodies, without the intervention of necks. The flying fishes, whose wings resemble bats, form one link which unites the fishes to the feathered tribes. Aquatic birds succeed, by a gentle gradation, the flying fishes.

In tracing the gradations from fishes to quadrupeds, the transition is almost imperceptible. The sea-lion, the morse, all the cetaceous tribes, the crocodile, the turtle, the seals, have such a resemblance, both in external and internal structure, to terrestrial quadrupeds, that some naturalists, in their methodical distributions, have ranked them under the same class of animals. The bats, and the flying squirrels, who traverse the air by means of membranous instead of feathered wings, evidently connect quadrupeds with birds. The ostrich, the cassowary, and the dodo, who rather run than fly, form another link between the quadruped and the bird.

All the substances we recognise on this earth may be divided into organised and animated, organised and inanimated, and unorganised, and brute matter. The whole of these possess degrees of perfection, of excellence, or of relative utility, proportioned to their stations or ranks in the universe. Change these stations or ranks, and another world would be necessary to contain and

support them. Beings must not be contemplated individually, but by their rank, and the relations they have to the constituent parts of the general system of Nature. Certain results of their natures we consider as evils. Destroy these evils, and you annihilate the beings who complain of them. The reciprocal actions of the solids and fluids constitutes life, and the continuation of this action is the natural cause of death. Immortality on this earth, therefore, pre-supposes another system; for no planet has relation to immortal beings. Every animal and every plant, rises by gentle gradations, from an embryo to a gelatinous state, to a certain degree of perfection exactly proportioned to their several orders. An assemblage of all the orders of relative perfection constitutes the absolute perfection of the whole. All the planets of this system gravitate toward the sun and toward each other. Our system gravitates toward other systems, and they to ours. Thus the whole universe is linked together by a gradual and almost imperceptible chain of existences both animated and inanimated. Were there no other argument in favor of the **UNITY of DEITY**, this uniformity of design, this graduated concatenation of being, which appears not only from this chapter but from many other parts of the work, seems to be perfectly irrefragable.

In contemplating Man, as at the head of those animals with which we are acquainted, a thought occurred, that no sentient being, whose mental powers were greatly superior, could possibly live and be happy in this world.

world. If such a being really existed, his misery would be extreme. With senses more delicate and refined; with perceptions more acute and penetrating; with a taste so exquisite that the objects around him could by no means gratify it: obliged to feed upon nourishment too gross for his frame; he must be born only to be miserable, and the continuation of his existence would be utterly impossible. Even in our present condition, the sameness and insipidity of objects and pursuits, the fatality of pleasure, and the infinite sources

of excruciating pain, are supported with great difficulty by cultivated and refined minds. Increase our sensibilities, continue the same objects and situation, and no man could bear to live.—Let man, therefore, be contented. His station in the universal scale of Nature is fixed by wisdom. Let him contemplate and admire the works of his Creator; let him fill up his rank with dignity, and consider every partial evil as a cause or an effect of general good.—This is the whole duty of man.

On FRIENDSHIP.

MAN, even in his most unpolished and uncultivated state, feels an inclination to associate with his fellow men. The untutored savage who, while in quest of prey, chances to mistake his stars and stray from his tribe, incessantly roams the wilderness, with forlorn anxious strides, until he finds his companions. There is not a person, in any degree of improvement, from the rudest barbarity to the highest refinement, on the whole list of humanity, who does not shudder at a life of uninterrupted solitude. We need reflect but a single moment to be convinced that it was the design of Omniscience that the sons of men should be mutually depending for their support and happiness—that they should extend a friendly hand, and lead each other along the rough road of life.—Their weakness and natural disposition evinces the truth of this observation. Indeed man's being endowed by nature with social faculties evidently shows

he was formed for society. The moment that a person is deprived of the power of interchanging thoughts and emotions, he is unhappy. All delight lies in suggesting their own, and enquiring into the feelings of others.—Whether we enter the thatched hovel of the peasant, or the splendid palace of the king, we perceive the inhabitants enjoying the pleasures of social converse.

There is a natural propensity in the breast of every one, to communicate his sentiments and feelings to those of his species with whom he falls in company. Inclination prompts the tongue to divulge the ideas of the head and the sensations of the heart: But reason checks inclination, and prudence teaches the tongue to be jealous of mankind. Such is the frailty of our nature—so fraught with envy and various other passions are our constitutions, that the man who permits his heart and tongue to join in strict union, in commerce with

the world, immediately becomes a subject of ridicule: And yet such is the sympathetic affection of the soul, that he who is obliged at all times, with all persons, to be on his guard, lest he should expose a foible, is an utter stranger to the sweets of life: His dispositions become contracted, his feelings sordid, his views limited. Hence arises the pleasure, the satisfaction and advantage of friendship. He whose happiness and misery are bound by the narrow limits of his own bosom, lives in solitude though surrounded by thousands. A person, though on social terms with all mankind, unless he is connected by the nice, the silken cord of friendship, with some individual, at particular times, feels himself alone in the world. There is no man in existence who has not his gloomy moments.—Reader, could you look into the innermost recesses of the breast of even nature's favorites, at certain moments, you will find melancholy brooding on the heart!—Ask the mirthful youth in the very bloom of life!—Examine the children of fortune, in the height of splendor!—Consult the sons of renown dancing on the pinnacle of the temple of fame!—They will all tell you that they are not exempted from gloomy intervals.

The man who hath a sincere well chosen friend, whose soul is congenial with his own—one who will participate in his feelings as well when dejected with adversity, as when elated with prosperity, is possessed of a jewel, the value of which can never be estimated.

It is very difficult to suggest to one his faults without giving of-

fence: But where two persons implicitly rely on each other's benevolence and friendship, and can mutually bear a correction of foibles without imbibing a prejudice, they may make the greatest progress in self knowledge and propriety of behavior. Man ignorantly discovers a thousand little insignificant gestures and *hobby-horsical* airs, which, tho' not criminal in themselves, are disgusting to the world. These may be corrected in a kind generous manner under the robe of friendship. If they observe each other when mingling in the circles of refinement, and after retiring to the covert of confidence, mutually suggest their foibles and oddities, they will rapidly improve in address and politeness.

The pleasures and advantages of friendship are far from being confined to personal interviews. He that can reflect, when walking the lonely silent shades of contemplation, that he has a friend, who, in his absence, will unsolicited espouse his cause—advocate his character—and shield him from the malignant shafts of calumny, has a source of satisfaction, which the world besides cannot afford.

Tell ye me of refined feelings—have you ever found pleasures equal to those derived from friendship? What can be more delightful to the eye of benevolence, than the prospect of a connexion where the sentiments and affections are sweetly united?—Picture to yourself, reader, two young men mutually bound by friendship establisht upon the experience of years. Observe the essence of benevolence glowing on

on their cheeks, and gleams of participated ecstasy sparkling in their eyes! View them sweetly seated at the enchanting shrine of their goddess—Friendship—unbosoming every sensation, and even mingling heart with heart! Notice them saluting each other after being separated for a season by the calls of interest:—With what cordiality—with what emotions of joy—with what exquisite delight they embrace! Follow them into the vale of adversity—the *touchstone* of their affections!

Do not their souls yet intermix? behold sorrow alleviate by division. See misfortune disarmed of half its pains, and disappointment cheated of its stings by participation! Mark how the sigh of sympathy soothes the breast of woe, and dries up the tear on affliction's cheek!

Pardon me, ye sons and daughters of sensibility, for thus vainly attempting to pourtray a picture so far beyond the power of the most descriptive pen!

FOR THE VERMONT MAGAZINE.

The Mourning Mother.—An Apologue.

I HAVE drank deep of the cup of sorrow, and copiously inhaled the bitter dregs of misery—My comforts flourished around me like the beauteous flowers of the spring, and my delights succeeded in a pleasant rotation even as the advance of genial summer and enripening autumn brings forward and completes the hopes of the industrious husbandman. But alas! when the cup of my joy almost overflowed, and my taste became accommodated to its enlivening relish, it was dashed as in a moment, from my lip, and its place supplied by the stream of affliction, embittered by the empoisoned arrows of unrelenting death! In bloom of life, when Hope, the sweetener of existence, had raised the brightest expectations of his future usefulness, and led my mind to contemplate my son advanced to posts of trust, the recompence of merit; when looking forward I anticipated, old age and consequent infirmity my lot, and viewed with firm assurance his sweet filial love, engaged in robbing tor-

ture of its sting, softening the pillow of its aged parent, and quitting rest to give its charge relief; At such a period to view him falling like a blasted bud—stript of its beauties by untimely frost, and all its sweets profusely lavished on the fleeting gale—It rends my heart to meditate the scene!—Oh! when will death, with welcome message, spend his care on me!—Ruthless, uncourteous phantom! why shouldst thou unrelenting aim thy shafts at those whom worth, youth, innocence, and loveliness proclaimed the most deserving life, and most desired to live,—unnoticing the solitary victim of despair, the prisoner in his cell, and those who tired of life's rough pilgrimage, would court thee as a friend and bid thy message welcome.

Thus sighed Almeria in her sad retirement, when ruminating on the death of her beloved son;—Scarcely could she realize that heaven was just;—that the afflictive strokes of providence, were dealt in infinite benevolence to the

the bereaved ;—and that the hand afflicting held the balm to cure !—But nature cannot always live upon the stretch, the imagination must have relaxation, and the mind repose ; and bounteous heaven in mercy to mankind yields us that sweet oblivion to our cares, refreshing sleep, which while the body rests, draws a close curtain round the active mind, and mercifully leads to cogitation, which with lenient time, alleviates the tortures of the brain, and leads the suffering christian to sweet resignation.

Almeria dreamt, and dreaming revered the divine behest, which bade her offspring quit terrestrial changing scenes for bright celestial certainties, an infinite remove from fluctuation ; the pleasures of precarious issue for joys whose sweets and durability run parallel. Scarce had she closed her eyes, ere fancy, ever busy, presented to her view her much lamented son, freed from the grasp of death and flushed with every charm of health and vigor. Almeria felt her soul expand with extacy, and gave the lovely phantom a warm embrace, when thus it spoke, ‘ Thou who wert once my parent, the unsubstantial phantom now commissioned to lay the ways of providence before thee, to vindicate its righteousness, and guide thy soul to peaceful resignation, is the ethereal essence of thy son ; take this perspective glass, its powers are wonderful, its revelations true ; it penetrates the valley of futurity, and shews to the enquiring mind what would ensue, could the decrees of heaven be arrested in their course ;—To you it will

reveal what would have been my lot, had years engraven wrinkles on my brow, and age, not youth produced my dissolution.’

Almeria trembling took the hallowed tube, placed it upon its pedestal, and applying her eye to the glass beheld the appearance of her son seated among the elders of the land, his countenance placid as the summers eve, and the furrows of his brow embellished with the attractive beauties of apparent wisdom and stability of judgment. Her moistened eye refused its office, and a swelling sigh escaped her breast—While a voice proclaimed, had thy son seen maturity this would have been his lot—Thus would he have been honored, look again, and contemplate attentively—Almeria looked—the scene extended ; diversified, and shewed a series of accumulating honors, prepared for and showered upon her son, by a delighted people ; while his every act bespoke increasing worth, and a happy equanimity of temper preserved him from arrogance or improper exultation : His ardent wish appeared the public weal, and that of the community, an ample means of manifesting their regard for virtues thus exemplified. Almeria dropt the Mirror. If said she, such would have been his lot, and such the certain issue of his actions, could a benevolent, a just and righteous superintendant, have thus foreclosed the scene, and checked the progress of events on which the felicity of a multitude depends ? Surely not so ! Some evil genii must have seized the reins ;—his baleful influence obtunds my joy, and checks the encreasing rapture of community ! ‘ Cease,

'Cease impious cayiller ! resume the Mirror !' thundered an awful voice ! Almeria, trembling, instantly obeyed. She looked ! the scene was changed. Her son, the victim of a popular phrenzy, appeared upon the scaffold, his countenance emaciated with a loathsome confinement in a horrid dungeon, his limbs galled with shackles lately loosened, and his enlarged possessions, the just reward of merit, now forgotten, confiscated to the government, in the best service of which he has past his useful life. A soul entorturing eagerness, and intimate concern in the event, held the affrighted matron to the view, and closely rivetted her attention to the scene ;—His hoary head was fever'd from its trunk, proclaimed the sport of an enraged mob, ignominiously exposed upon a gibbet, and the name of him so lately honored, declared

an abomination, too defil'd to mention but with detestation !

The torture was too heavy to be borne,—the bands of sleep were broken—Almeria awoke—She fell in humble deep prostration on her face, and sigh'd to be forgiven. Almighty sovereign, cried her inmost soul—Thou art allwise, all bountiful, alike in what thou givest and deniest. 'Twas from thy sovereign hands the sacred loan proceeded ; from thee is gain'd its loveliness, and in thine infinite benevolence thou lengthen'dst out its tenure of endurance, untill it had entwin'd my heart, and rais'd the thought presumptuous that it was my own. In taking it away thou hast but claim'd thine own, and my beclouded views, irradiated by the light bestow'd, now quits its mists, and owns thy dealings just.

Come then sweet resignation gild the way,
And mercifully guide me, lest I stray :
'Tis the sublime of wisdom to submit,
To him whose ways are equal, just, and fit ;
Who gives us sunshine, and creates the storm,
Who brightens comforts, and can joys deform
Whose frown is night—whose smile eternal day,
And whom to know aright—is to obey.

Extract from Knox's Essays,

ON GOODNESS OF HEART.

WHOEVER has made accurate observations on men and manners, will easily perceive that the praise of goodness of heart is usually accompanied with an oblique insinuation of intellectual imbecility. I believe him to be a well-meaning man, says the malignant panegyrist, and if there is any fault in him, it will be found rather in his head than in his heart.—North-

ing could be better contrived by a crafty and envious world, to render this amiable quality contemptible, than to represent it as the effect, or as the companion of folly.

It is, indeed true, that innocence and integrity are usually accompanied with simplicity ; not, however, with that sort of simplicity which is sometimes synonymous

ymous with folly; but with an amiable openness of manners, which had rather lose its objects, than obtain them by deceit; which leads the tongue boldly to speak, what the heart honestly conceives. If we weigh the satisfactions of an open and upright conduct, of a clear conscience, and that of liberty which we enjoy by thinking, speaking, and acting, without mean and servile restraints, it will, I believe, be found, that this simplicity is true wisdom, and that the cunning of the worldly wise is real and egregious imprudence.

Goodness of heart, whether it be natural or acquired goodness, is indeed in every respect, the highest wisdom. It is the only quality which can rescue human nature from the disgrace and misery of its wretched weaknesses, and its powerful tendencies to evil. It raises the poor worm, that otherwise crawls on a dunghill and stings and bites his wretched companions, to an exalted place in the scale of being, and causes him to assimilate with the divine nature.

I shall exhibit to my youthful readers, whose hearts are yet susceptible of whatever bias they chuse to give them, two characters; in one of which appeared goodness of heart, and in the other, worldly wisdom or cunning, or the art of pleasing for the sake of profit. If any one should hesitate in chusing whether of the two shall be his model, he need not hesitate at beginning a reformation of himself, for he may depend upon it, that his own heart stands greatly in need of amendment.

Serpens (for such let us suppose to be his name) has persuaded

himself that he sees farther into things than the rest of his species. He considers religion as priestcraft, morality as the invention of politicians, and taste and literature as the amusement of fools. His philosophy, and his pursuits in general, are all circumscribed within limits extremely narrow. Pleasure and interest are his chief good, his only objects of serious pursuit; and in the attainment of these he is scrupulously delicate. There is, indeed, no virtue or good quality, the appearance of which he does not assume; because while mankind are weak enough to judge and esteem men according to moral and religious prejudices, a plausible appearance is essentially necessary to success in life. External decency is his highest aim. Sincerity or sound principles would but retard his purposes. Compassion he never felt, and is equally a stranger to love and friendship, though he is always professing them to persons of fortune and distinction, whom he idolizes with religious adoration; and this is the only sentiment which he feels bordering upon religion.

By a life spent in abject servility, in courting a capricious world, in deceiving the credulous, in contriving schemes of advantage or pleasure, and in hardening his conscience, he has at last, in his fiftieth year, obtained some promotion, and accumulated a handsome sum of money. But he cannot enjoy it now he is possessed of it. The same greedy selfishness which taught him to debase his soul in pursuing interest and private gratification still operates on his conduct, and renders him a complete miser. Though he has
long

long enjoyed a competency he never had spirit enough to marry. He was afraid of the expence. He hates his relations, because he thinks they expect his fortune at his decease. He has made no real friends, though he has deceived thousands by professing friendship for the easier accomplishment of his dirty designs. All the neighbors detest him; & he envies every one of them who appears to be happier than himself, which indeed they all do; for his heart is torn with malignity, with fears, anxieties, and covetousness. He bears however the character of a shrewd and sensible man, one who knows the world; and learned, at an early age, to make it his bubble. His advice is considered as an oracle in all pecuniary business, and no attorney would be half so much consulted, if he did not render himself almost inaccessible by the moroseness of his temper. As in his youth, he was all submission and gentleness, and perfectly skilled in the celebrated art of pleasing; so now when the mask is no longer necessary, his natural disposition breaks out in all its horrid deformity. But the misery which he occasions to all around him, falls upon himself by the just retribution of Providence. The heart, which has been the receptacle of every vice and every meanness, is always the seat of uneasy sensation. The stupid insensibility with respect to the finer feelings, which usually characterises that sort of shrewd men, who are celebrated in the world as men who *know things so well*, may indeed guard them from pungent affliction, but it is itself a curse most devoutly to be deprecated.

Simplicius was the son of parents remarkable for the piety and regularity of their lives. He received a liberal education in its most comprehensive form, and found every moral instruction which he derived from books, and from his preceptor, confirmed by example at home. All his delicate sensibilities were gradually nursed to a state of perfection by the innocence and temperance of his life; by the piety and virtue of his family, in which such respect was paid to him while a boy, that not a word that could convey a loose or improper idea was ever uttered in his presence. He married early and obeyed the dictates of his heart in selecting a most amiable woman of beauty, sense, and temper, but of little or no fortune. The shrewd and wise men of the world laughed and pitied. Simplicius, however, had never any reason to repent. His children are his chief delight; but he loves his friends with sincere and unalterable affection; and there is no species of distress which he does not pity and relieve to the best of his power. The amiableness of his manners, and the regularity of his conduct, gave him the advantage of character, the want of which can seldom be supplied by any worldly policy. With this powerful recommendation he has made his way to eminence, and enjoys his success with the truest relish. It is, indeed unembittered by any reflection on sinister modes of securing it. He always proceeded in the strait road of common sense and common honesty.—He knew of no obliquities: for, indeed he found the art of life very plain and easy,

and by no means such as requires the precepts of a Machiavel. His heart and his understanding are both excellent; and co-operating with each other, have conducted him to happiness through the flowery paths of innocence. His heart has been a perpetual spring of agreeable sensations to himself, and to all who were so fortunate as to be allied to him by kindred, by affinity, by acquaintance, or in the course of his negotiations. A good conscience will cause the evening of life to close in the sweetest serenity, as the day has been distinguished by unclouded sunshine.

Whatever the short-sighted votaries of avarice and ambition may assert, there is no doubt but that real goodness of heart is the noblest ornament of human nature, and the least fallible source

of permanent satisfaction. I have often therefore lamented, that in the course of what is called a liberal education, very little attention has been paid at our best schools to the culture of the heart. While good seeds have been sown in the understanding, the heart has been suffered to be overrun with weeds and briars. In truth, learning and abilities without goodness of heart, constitute that kind of wisdom which is foolishness in the sight of reason and of God. Without goodness of heart, man, however accomplished, is so far from being but little lower than the angels, that he is scarcely above the accursed spirits, and by no means equal to many of the brutes, who often exhibit most amiable instances of a good heart in the virtues of gratitude, sincere affection, and fidelity.

A N E C D O T E S.

THE leader of a gang of banditti in *Corfica* who had long been famous for exploits, was at length taken and committed to the care of a soldier from whom he contrived to escape. The soldier was condemned to death. At the place of execution, a man coming up to the commanding officer, said, 'Sir I am a stranger to you, but you shall soon know who I am. I have heard that one of your soldiers is to die for having suffered a prisoner to

escape. He was not at all to blame; besides, the prisoner shall be restored to you. Behold him here: I am the man. I cannot bear that an innocent man should be punished for me; and have come to die myself.' 'No,' cried the French officer, who felt the sublimity of the action as he ought, 'thou shalt not die: and the soldier shall be set at liberty. Endeavor to reap the fruits of thy generosity. Thou deservest to be henceforth an honest man.

Of the Earl of Chesterfield.

IT happened that in the appointment of a certain member of the privy council, two candidates were supported strongly, one by the king the other by the council, and disputes ran so high that

the king finally withdrew in disgust, when the candidate he disapproved of was appointed:—A difficulty occurred about who should present the commission to the

the king for his signature, and Chesterfield was deputed by lot. The earl not chusing to irritate his majesty politely introduced his business, by asking whose name he would wish to have inserted in the blank—"The devil's if you please," said the king, angrily. "Very well," said the

earl, "but would your majesty with the instrument to run in the usual stile, 'to our trusty and well beloved cousin and councillor?'—The king laughed, and placed his signature without further altercation to the appointment of the candidate he had opposed.

Of the facetious admiral Montague.

MEETING a sailor in the street one morning early, with a heavy hamper of beer on his back, his hands over his shoulders and his head bowed down by the weight, the admiral stepped before him to find out how he could bear interruption, and familiarly asked him "what news, what news this morning friend?"—The sailor with an oath replied angrily "fall to leeward you land-lubber, or I'll darken your daylights, blast you."—The admiral laughing, to think of the confusion the sailor would feel if he knew who he had addressed so

rudely, proceeded on his way: soon after the chaplain of his ship him, and bowing obsequiously, address him with "good morning to your excellency, what's the news this morning?" "fall to leeward you dirty land-lubber," says the admiral, "or I'll darken your daylights blast ye,"—The astonished chaplain replied, "I could not have expected so rude an answer from a gentleman of your excellency's politeness;" faith rejoined the admiral "I told it you exactly as I heard at a few minutes ago, I believe verbatim."

Historical Anecdote of Marechal de Turenne.

THIS great general had not been so favored by nature, in the formation of his body, as he had by fortune in his progress to eminence in the science of tactics. He was deformed, peculiarly hard featured, low in stature, crooked, and negligent in his dress. Remark has been made that if the master is negligent the servant will be a sloven; we shall not pretend to assert or deny this position generally, in the instance of the marechal it was true: he had a favorite servant exactly like himself. One morning having just risen from bed, with a greasy night cap on his head, and a tattered night gown, a servant of his household observing him to

ing out of the window, and thinking it was his comrade Peter, the General's servant before mentioned, slept in slily, and gave him a severe slap on the bare posteriors: The marechal roaring with pain, turned to view his familiar assailant, when the servant in utter dismay, fell on his knees and exclaimed, indeed Monseigneur I thought it had been Peter. The penitence of the unintentional offender affected the Marechal, who holding both hands on the still twinging part, rejoined "Had it been Peter you ought not to have exerted yourself so unmercifully." The generosity of the general was equal to his bravery.

The S E A T of A P O L L O.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE VERMONT MAGAZINE.

Elegiac ; to the Memory of Miss LUCY HATHEWAY.

Daughter of Mr. LEVI HATHEWAY, of Bennington.

Who died on the 19th of March, in the 16th year of her age.

DEAR Maid, when worth like thine inspires the muse,
And tunes with mournful strains her sacred lyre ;
Demands our sorrows—can the heart refuse,
To join in sympathy th' etherial choir.

Sad recollection flies to seasons gone,
While infancy and childhood sweetly past,
When growing grace in every action shone
And nicest virtue gave each act its cast.

How did we lot on pleasing future scenes,
When ripening charms, and judgment more mature,
Had shed their influence, rectified the means,
And made her precepts like her actions pure.

How did our hearts approve her early care,
Her sisterly attention, filial love,
Our infant offspring caught her pleasing air,
And list'd her praise, ascrib'd to powers above.

But past are all our hopes, the flower is cropt,
Its fragrance lavish'd on the fleeting gale,
The farce of life is o'er—the curtain dropt,
Lucy's no more—Our Lucy we bewail !

But why thus shed the unavailing tear,
Tho' in her bloom the fatal shaft was sent,
This sacred truth the sinking heart must cheer,
No death's untimely to a life well spent.

What tho' the tender flower is rudely cropt,
And death untimely closes mortal scenes,
At midday brightness, tho' the curtain's dropt,
And pain amidst our pleasure intervene.

In those bright regions whence enjoyments flow,
The lot is cast, and mortals must submit,
Heaven seals our doom and heaven alone can know,
In every instance what's supremely fit.

Cease then, oh ! cease parental heartfelt sighs,
Thou pain'd, inflated bosom sink to rest,
Restrain the copious torrent of the eyes,
And view thy Lucy rising to be blest.

Reflected.

Reflect the feast of life will soon be o'er,
And those who quit it—having sealed their peace,
Shall meet in blis—and meet to part no more,
Where circling joys eternally encrease.

There those who quitted at the earliest hour,
And those who dropt at nature's last decline,
Will scarce revolve the thought, but every power,
Be sweetly bent to subjects more divine.

Then shall the tho't how oft we dropt the tear,
O'er Lucy's grave—with annual care renew'd,
The sad remembrance of her passing bier,
And all the griefs that on our souls obtrude ;

Be lost forever in her lovely form
Restor'd to us, replete with heavenly grace,
Forever shelter'd from affliction's storm,
And blest with our Emanuel's smiling face.

Persuatives to live,—and dissuatives from Suicide.

IF distress and anxiety croud on
the mind,

If prospects of comfort decrease,

LIVE !—LIVE !—for your soul
may yet happiness find,
Serenity, pleasure and peace.

If you are contented and cheerful—then **LIVE**

And learn the enjoyment to
prize,

As heaven gives freely—learn
freely to give,

For to bless and be blessed is
wise.

If Misfortune, the offspring, of
folly's your lot,

Yet **LIVE**, your misconduct to
mend,

If they spring from the conduct
of others, 'tis not,

An embittered reflection, my
friend.

If indigent helpless, contemptibly poor,

Yet **LIVE**—'tis a scene of rotation.

And a turn of the wheel may
bring blessings a store,

And exalt you to rank in the
nation.

If prosperity greets you, and riches
abound,

Then **LIVE**, and enjoy them
aright

If another has injured you **LIVE**,
—for its found,

That punishment genders with
spite.

If you've injured another, tho'
grossly, yet **LIVE**

And by justice for folly atone,
If your character's slander'd, not

envy can give,
A stab, but in time may be
shown.

If reproach is well founded to
LIVE is a due,

Which nature claims right to
demand.

That rectified conduct, in future,
may shew,

You mean on good footing to
stand.

If obscurity falls to your lot rest
assur'd

You should **LIVE**, for perhaps
you may rise,

If exalted, yet **LIVE**, have your
honor's secured,

Be circumspect, wary, and
wise.

If success does not equal your
merits, 'tis wrong,

Not to **LIVE** with a conscious
desert

A sense of your worthiness gain'd
by the throng,

Would the source of your sor-
row divert.

If success exceeds merit, to **LIVE**,
is an act,

That to cure you of folly is fit,
That arrogance buoys you in er-
ror is fact,

But time may amendment per-
mit.

If you have been negligent, use-
less, a drone,

A load and disgrace to the hive.

LIVE, LIVE, and by active in-
dustry atone,

And your friends will be glad
you'r alive.

If you have been active, 'tis duty
to **LIVE**

And communicate good to man-
kind.

'Tis by no means so blest to re-
ceive as to give,

Says the author of precepts
refin'd.

If you have assurance of spiteful
designs,

Form'd by foes to your happi-
ness **LIVE**,

He who causelessly steps on his
enemies mines,

Does action to enmity give.

If friends in your trouble are
faithful and kind,

'Tis duty to **LIVE** for their
sake,

In the course of events you occa-
sion may find

Their load on your shoulders
to take.

If you have been impious, lewd,
and profane,

Yet **LIVE**, and repent of your
sins,

The worst crime that satan em-
ploys in his train,

With the guilt of despairing
begins.

If virtue and wisdom your actions
have crown'd

Then live, for a light to the
land,

In a sense of your worth, pleasant
joys may abound,

Which respect and attention
command.

If you disbelieve heaven, a state
after death,

Yet **LIVE** on this very account,

Employ in the office of virtue
your breath

For its short at the greatest a-
mount.

FOR THE VERMONT MAGAZINE.

HERCYNA—*A Pastoral.*

NO more with driving rage the angry north
Congeals the flood and heaps the fleecy snow,
But spring with all her blooming pride comes forth,
And dimpling streams along the meadows flow.

The loosening breezes sweep the vernal vale,
The snow is gone and tender shoots appear,
Sweet smelling odours breath in every gale,
And all the fragrance of the evening year.

Original Poetry.—Selected Poetry.

47

The joyous earth puts on her smiling green,
The buds expand and yellow cowslips rise,
The wild roes rustling thro' the copse are seen,
And all the feathered songsters mount the skies.

Come dear *Hercyna*, walk the pleasing groves,
Cull the choice flowers and taste the tinkling rill;
Hear the young turtles coo their tender loves,
And blithesome lambkins sport on every hill.

Fair is the season, as your blooming face,
Pure as your breath the evening zephyr blows,
The laughing loves regale in every place,
And streams of nectar from the blossom flows.

Beneath the leafy trees impervious shade,
Beside the stream we'll raise our humble bower,
Far from the show of pomp and vain parade,
The scourge of wealth and all the noise of power.

No more shall honor tempt me to the fields,
Nor plaudits lure me to the public seats,
Nor all the dazzling tints that grandeur yields,
Provoke my feet to leave these soft retreats.

Honor and titles are unstable things,
That change as whim and folly chance to move,
But the soft solace which retirement brings,
Can only be excell'd by joys above.

PRIVADO.

To the Editors of the Vermont Magazine.

*Being pleased with the following invocation to May, induces me to wish
it may find a place in your Poetic Department.*

I.

"BORN in yon blaze of orient sky,
Sweet May! thy radiant form unfold;
Unclose thy blue voluptuous eye,
And wave thy shadowy locks of gold.

II.

"For thee the fragrant zephyrs blow,
For thee descends the sunny shower;
The rills in softer murmurs flow,
And brighter blossoms gems the bower.

III.

"Light graces dress'd in flowery wreaths
And tiptoe joys their hands combine;
And love his sweet contagion breaths,
And laughing dances round thy shrine,

IV.

"Warm with new life the glittering throngs,
On quivering fin and rustling wing
Delighted join their votive songs,
And hail thee, GODDESS OF THE SPRING."

48

On a BEAUTY.

SURE *Venus* expected, her beauty, once more
Minerva would question, as she did of yore,
 And touch'd with rich hues that admirable face,
 For a prize to the man who should give her the case.

On some snow falling on the bosom of a Lady.

THE envious snow from yonder realms of day,
 For rival fame on *Susan's* bosom lay ;
 But griev'd to see her breast more white appear,
 It mourn'd itself into a trembling tear.

THE HERMIT, A POEM ;

By the Reverend Doctor PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, remote from public view,
 From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew ;
 The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
 His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;
 Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
 Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
 Seem'd Heaven itself, till one suggestion rose,
 That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey,
 This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway.
 His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
 And all the tenor of his soul is lost :
 So when a smooth expanse receives impress
 Calm Nature's image on its watery breast,
 Down bend its banks the trees depending grow,
 And skies beneath, with answering colors glow ;
 But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
 Swift rustling circles curl on ev'ry side,
 And glim'ring fragments of a broken sun,
 Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
 To find if books or swains report it right,
 (For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
 Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew)
 He quits his cell ; the Pilgrim's staff he bore,
 And fix'd the scallop in his hat before ;
 Then with the rising sun a journey went,
 Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
 And long and lonesome was the wild to pass ;
 But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
 A Youth came posting o'er a crossing way ;
 His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
 And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair.

Then near approaching, Father, Hail ! (he cry'd)
And hail ! my son, (the reverend sire reply'd.)
Word follow'd word, from question answer flow'd,
And talk of various kinds deceiv'd the road ;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart :
Thus stands an aged elm, in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun, the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober grey ;
Nature in silence bid the world repose,
When near the road a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, thro ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass,
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome,
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home.
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive, the livery'd servants wait,
Their lord receives 'em at the pompous gate,
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.

Then led to rest, the days long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play ;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighboring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call ;
A nearly banquet deck'd the splendid hall ;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste,
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they go,
And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe ;
His cup was vanish'd—for, in secret guise,
The youngest guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glist'ning and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear :
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stop'd with silence, walk'd with trembling heart,
And much he wish'd, but durst not ask to part :
Murm'ring, he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds :
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert seek across the plain.

The HERMIT.

Warn'd by the signs, the wandering pair retreat,
To seek for shelter at a neighboring seat.

'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around.
Its owners' temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts, with sudden fury blew ;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast,
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest.)
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair ;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervor thro' their limbs recalls ;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with eager wine,
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine ;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pondering Hermit view'd
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude ;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside ?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face !
When from his vest his young companion bore
That cup the generous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumults fly,
The sun emerging opes an azure sky ;
A fresher green the smiling leaves display,
And glit'ring as they tremble, cheer the day ;
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.
While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wro't
With all the travel of uncertain thought,
His partner's acts without their cause appear ;
'Twas there a vice, but seem'd a madness here ;
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.

Sc Now night's dim shade again involves the sky ;
And ain the wand'ers want a place to lie,
But w in they search, and find a mansion nigh,
A You, soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
His rain neither poorly low, not idly great ;
And sof

It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content; and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies,
Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer.
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed,
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.

At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dapple morn arose;
Before the Pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a clos'd cradle where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck—the landlord's little pride;
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How look'd our Hermit, when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breath blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads—a servant show'd the way;
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; a servant went before:
Long arms of oak an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then plashing turns, and sinks among the dead.
Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and wildly cries,
Detested wretch?—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe in purpled air;
And wings, whose colors glitter'd like the day,
Wide at his back their dazzling plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do:

The HERMIT.

Surprise in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous Angel broke,
(The voice of music ravished as he spoke.)

Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne.
Their charms success in our bright region find,
And force an Angel down to calm thy mind ;
For this commission'd I forsook the sky ;
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims the world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid ;
Its sacred majesty thro' all depends
On using second means to work his ends :
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Power exerts his attributes on high ;
Your actions uses, not controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more surprise
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring eyes ?
Yet taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust !

The *great, vain man*, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning drafts of wine ;
Has, with the *cup*, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The *mean, ambitious wretch*, whose bolted door
Ne'er shows his pity to the wandring poor ;
With *him* seen the *cup*, to teach his mind
That he can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the fustian ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And loose from dross the silver runs below.

Long had our *pious friend* in virtue trod,
But now the child half wean'd his soul from God ;
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain,
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run ?
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seem'd to go,
(And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.)
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortune felt a wreck,
Had the *false servant* sped in safety back ?
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal ;
And what a fund of charity would fail !

Thus heav'n instructs thy mind—this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The Sage stood wondring as the Seraph flew.
Thus look'd *Elisba*, when to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky ;
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view ;
The Prophet gaz'd and wish'd to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
Lord ! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place.
And spent a life of piety and peace.

FOR THE VERMONT MAGAZINE.

To Amanda ; on the death of an infant daughter occasioned by a scald.

WHY, dear Amanda, why that mournful look ?
Why ceaseless flows the tear, why heaves the breast ?

Because thy babe, sweet innocence, is gone

To dwell embosomed in eternal rest ?

Hard ! hard the lot ! to see the lovely form,

Just blooming into life, with cruel smart,

And pangs convulsive yield a prey to death !

How agonizing to a parents heart !

Flow then the tear, and heave the aching breast ;

Parental tenderness and nature bid :

Yet not too long indulge a hopeless grief,

Nor wrong the living, while you mourn the dead.

Ah ! can a mother soon t' oblivion yield

Those little actions, pledge of future joy,

Th' endearing smile, the more than fond embrace,

And, in distress, the mute-imploing eye ?

Defend sweet cherub, from the blest abode,

Oft deign to visit those thou'lt left behind ;

In slumbers gently sooth a parents cares,

And whisper comfort to the anxious mind.

To souls enlarged, though in the realms of bliss,

Such office, sure, must yield a sweet employ ;

To sooth parental grief, to calm distress,

Must give a zest e'en to celestial joy.

TRUE FELICITY.

WHILE desolating war, and wrangling strife,
Embroidering nations,—spreads from shore to shore,
How happy is the contemplative life,
How blest the mind can tremble and adore ;
That with dependence on th' Almighty's will,
Can feel that he is God—and can be still.

CONGRESSIONAL REGISTER.

An ACT to provide for the defence of certain ports and harbors in the United States.

Sec. 1, **B**E it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That the following ports and harbors be fortified under the direction of the president of the United States, and at such time or times, as he may judge necessary, to wit; Portland in the district of Maine; Portsmouth in the state of New Hampshire; Gloucester, Salem, Marblehead and Boston in the state of Massachusetts; Newport in the state of Rhode-Island; New London in the state of Connecticut; New-York; Philadelphia; Wilmington in the state of Delaware; Baltimore in the state of Maryland; Norfolk and Alexandria in the state of Virginia; Cape Fear river and Ocracok inlet in the state of North Carolina; Charleston and Georgetown in the state of South Carolina; and Savannah and St. Mary's in the state of Georgia.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That it shall be lawful for the president of the United States to employ, as garrisons in the said fortifications, or any of them, such of the troops on the military establishment of the United States, as he may judge necessary; and to cause to be provided one hundred cannon, of a caliber each to carry a ball of 32 pounds weight, and 100 other cannon, of a caliber each to carry a ball of 24 pounds weight, together with the carriages and implements necessary for the same, and carriages with necessary implements for 150 other cannon, with 250 tons of cannon-shot.

Sec. 3. *And be it further enacted,* That it shall be lawful for the president of the United States to receive from any state (in behalf of the United States) a cession of the lands, on which any of the fortifications aforesaid, with the necessary buildings, may be erected or intended to be erected; or where such cessions shall not be made, to purchase such lands, on behalf of the U. States; *Provided,* That no purchase shall be made, where such lands are the property of a state.

Approved—March the }
twentieth, 1794. }

GEO. WASHINGTON, pre-
sident of the U. States.

An ACT making further provision for the expences attending the intercourse of the United States with foreign nations, and further to continue in force the act, entitled, "An Act providing the means of intercourse between the United States and foreign nations."

Sec. 1. **B**E it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, That a sum of one million of dollars, in addition to the provision heretofore made, be appropriated to defray any expences which may be incurred, in relation to the intercourse between the United States and foreign nations, to be paid out of any monies, which may be in the treasury, not otherwise appropriated, and to be applied, under the direction of the president of the United States, who, if necessary, is hereby authorized to borrow the whole or any part of the said sum of one million

million of dollars ; an account of the expenditure whereof as soon as may be, shall be laid before congress.

Sec. 2. *And be it further enacted,* That the act, entitled 'An act providing the means of intercourse between the United States and foreign nations,' passed the first day of July, 1790, together with the second section of the act, entitled 'An act to continue in force, for a limited time, and to amend the act, entitled 'An act providing the means of intercourse between the United States and foreign nations,' passed the ninth day of February, 1793, shall be continued in force, for the term of one year from the passing of this act, and from thence until the next session of congress thereafter holden, and no longer.

Approved, March the }
twentieth, 1794. }

GEO. WASHINGTON, president of the U. States.

An act to prohibit the carrying on the Slave-Trade from the United States to any foreign place or country.

BE it enacted by the senate and house of representatives of the United States of America, in congress assembled, that no citizen or citizens of the United States, or foreigner, or any other person, coming into, or residing within the same, shall, for himself, or any other person whatsoever, either as master, factor or owner, build, fit, equip, or otherwise prepare any ship or vessel, within any port or place of the said United States ; nor shall cause any ship or vessel to sail from any port or place within the same, for the purpose of carrying on any trade or traffic in slaves to any

foreign country ; or for the purpose of procuring from any foreign kingdom, place or country, the inhabitants of such kingdom, place or country, to be transported to any foreign country, port, or place whatever, to be sold or disposed of as slaves : and if any ship or vessel shall be so fitted out, as aforesaid, for the said purposes, or shall be caused to sail as aforesaid, every such ship or vessel, her tackle, furniture, apparel, and other appurtenances, shall be forfeited to the United States ; and shall be liable to be seized, prosecuted and condemned, in any of the circuit courts or district court for the district where the said ship or vessel may be found and seized.

And be it further enacted, that all and every person, so building, fitting out, equipping, loading, or otherwise preparing or sending away any ship or vessel, knowing or intending that the same shall be employed in such trade or business, contrary to the true intent and meaning of this act, or any way aiding or abetting therein, shall severally forfeit and pay the sum of two thousand dollars, one moiety thereof to the use of the United States, & the other moiety thereof to the use of him or her who shall sue for and prosecute the same.

And be it further enacted, that the owner, master, or factor of each and every foreign ship or vessel, clearing out for any of the coasts or kingdoms of Africa, or suspected to be intended for the slave-trade, and the suspicion being declared to the officer, of the customs, by any citizen, on oath or affirmation, and such information being to the satisfaction of the said officer, shall first give bond

bond, with sufficient sureties, to the treasurer of the United States, that none of the natives of Africa, or any other foreign country or place, shall be taken on board the said ship or vessel, to be transported or sold as slaves in any other foreign port or place whatever, within nine months thereafter.

And be it further enacted, that if any citizen or citizens of the United States shall contrary to the true intent and meaning of this act, take on board, receive or transport any such persons, as a-

bove described in this act, for the purpose of selling them as slaves as aforesaid, he or they shall forfeit and pay, for each and every person so received on board, transported and sold as aforesaid, the sum of 200 dollars, to be recovered in any court of the United States, proper to try the same; the one moiety thereof to the use of the United States, and the other moiety to the use of such persons who shall sue for and prosecute the same.

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E R R A T U M.

IN page 6th. column 1st. line 19.—Instead of 'because it is full of similies and lively images.'—Read 'because it is full of vague ideas and abstractions; Whereas that of simple and natural people is very expressive, because it is full of similies and lively images.'